

DOCTOR WHO

THE EARLY YEARS



Jeremy Bentham

STRANGERS IN SPACE

ASSEMBLING THE jigsaw of *Doctor Who*'s conception draws pieces from three areas of the television industry.

Firstly, piecing together the BBC TV environment of the early Sixties shows why *Doctor Who* was not devised as a Children's Series. Often this tag has been applied to the programme, but never, ever, has it held a vestige of truth. In spite of being scheduled around the five o'clock timeslot, *Doctor Who* has always been a fully-fledged BBC Drama Series, made by the Drama Department in the same mould as *Z Cars*, *Adam Adamant Lives*, or, more recently, *Blake's 7* and *All Creatures Great and Small*.

Secondly, the ancestors of *Doctor Who* are worthy of note, especially considering the nature of the show. In Britain, more so than in other countries, science fiction has always had a stigma attached to it. Considering the technical complexities required, televised science fiction has frequently earned less than proportionately balanced critical response. The main body of audiences in the Sixties were adults who tended to regard TV sf as either children's fare, or as trash: an unfounded prejudice



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probably stemming from unwarranted comparisons with the comic-strip science fiction movie serials of the 1930s and 40s, or with the UK-banned 'horror' comics of the 1950s.

Thirdly, and most important of all in the genesis of *Doctor Who*, are the people who inspired it – the few who drew the notion of *Doctor Who* from the seeds of human inventiveness and put them down on paper. In this respect one name stands out. Strangely enough, for a series often stamped as more British than tea and crumpets, *Doctor Who*'s principal creator was not an Englishman, but a Canadian-born TV entrepreneur named Sydney Newman.

Newman not only inspired *Doctor Who*, he also played a major role in structuring the whole fabric of British television drama in the 1960s, adding considerably to the worldwide reputation for quality it still enjoys today.

While Television began in Britain during the 1930s, it was not until just after the Second World War that a regular broadcasting service commenced. This was BBC Television, an off-shoot of the world-renowned and world-respected BBC Radio service that had so admirably lived up to its motto to 'educate, inform and entertain' the general public throughout the war.

Although, by definition an entertainment industry, the BBC's status was more in common with a Civil Service Department than with the opportunistic realms of Theatre and Film. Class distinction and impeccable Home Counties accents were the orders of the day. Male presenters were expected to be black-tie-dressed while women wore evening gowns, and sometimes even tiaras.

In 1949 the world's first television science fiction production was broadcast by the BBC. Prophetically it was an adaptation of *The Time Machine* by H. G. Wells. It went out live as a one-part play from the studios at Alexandra Palace. It featured no film material, no exterior shooting and nothing whatsoever in the way of visual effects – such a department just did not exist in 1949.

At the helm was a Producer, although in addition to supervising the administrative side he was expected to liaise with the writer on the script and direct the play in the studio. His immediate staff were a Production Designer, responsible both for sets and prop building, and a Technical Manager to oversee setting up the studio equipment. Additionally there would have been a Wardrobe Mistress to arrange costuming, and a Make-up Lady to ensure no-one's nose gleamed under the studio lights.

Due to the state of television technology in 1949 no means of preserving this play existed. The electronic cameras captured the action, and powerful transmitters beamed the signals directly to the few homes in Britain equipped with television receivers. At that time the use of videotape to enable prerecording and editing was just a gleam of enthusiasm in the laboratory scientist's eye.

Four years later, in the summer of 1953, the BBC broadcast *The Quatermass Experiment*, a six part serial by Nigel Kneale, and a landmark as the first popularly accepted science fiction production. Again it was done live and so, from the cast's point-of-view, they were expected to learn their lines and movements as if they were doing a conventional four act stage play. Technically, however,

there had been two major and significant improvements.

The first was telecine. In the opening scenes of *The Quatermass Experiment* stock film library footage is used of a V2 rocket blasting off, coupled in with sub-orbital shots of the Earth's surface as seen from the stratosphere. These establishing sequences were on 16mm film. To insert them, or any other filmed material, required telecine transfer – literally the cine projection of the film onto a small screen being looked at by a television camera.

Telecine transfer was, and is, the responsibility of the studio Vision Mixer whose job is to switch the output picture (the one seen by the television audience) between the action on the studio floor and the scenes on film from the Telecine Department. Nowhere near as easy as it sounds, the trick is in the timing. Every sequence of film has a 'leader' strip which counts down in seconds from ten to the point where the action begins. Thus the Vision Mixer and the Director must time exactly when to begin running the leader in such a way that, as the scene on the studio floor finishes, the picture can be cut smoothly to the scene on film. Just a few seconds out either way in a live production can lead to a jump-in mid-scene or an embarrassed pause on the studio floor while the film is run up.

The second innovation to help *Quatermass* was telerecording. At first glance telerecording is the opposite of telecine; being a 16mm film camera shooting the image on a TV screen. This enabled the preservation of live programmes for subsequent retransmission or sale to other countries. The telerecording screen was exactly the same as a domestic television screen except that it was flat rather than curved, eliminating any distortion from the image when captured on film.

Production-wise, *The Quatermass Experiment* was the same as *The Time Machine*, save for two small, but significant additions. As the infected astronaut begins his terrible mutation into a plant life-form the BBC's Make-up people were required to devise 'half-stage' applications and appliances to give the creature a monsterish look. Finally, in the climax to episode five, the camera pans up the colonnades of Westminster Abbey to focus on the fully-grown alien monster, its fronds and tendrils twitching. In truth the TV realisation of Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey was nothing more than a photographic blow-up, and the monster just the latex-coated hands of writer Nigel Kneale sticking out through a hole in the picture. But in historical retrospect it does count as a very early example of visual effects in a TV serial.

Two more *Quatermass* serials followed in 1955 and 1958 – respectively *Quatermass II* and *Quatermass and the Pit*. The former saw a move from Alexandra Palace to the BBC's new studios at Lime Grove which were bigger, and equipped with the new generation of videotape machines. Cumbersome and unwieldy, these record/playback devices did at least permit shows to be prerecorded in advance of transmission and allowed for a very crude form of editing.

In addition, the rudiments of a Visual Effects Department had been established to supply the serial's requirement for models and

special props (space suits and gas-carrying meteorite pods). Special sound effects were still a problem though. The roar of a meteorite blazing through the air in *Quatermass II* still had to be accomplished by scratching a thumb-nail across a microphone mesh.

Quatermass and the Pit solved this headache by recourse to the infant Radiophonic Workshop – a special sounds' studio at the BBC's Delaware Road premises, geared to creating all manner of weird audio effects. They had begun life catering for the manic requirements of radio's *The Goon Show*, which stretched ingenuity to the full, requiring anything from Major Bloodnok's gastric eruptions to the sound of 'a batter pudding whizzing through the air, hitting a wall and slithering to the floor'.

Record audiences were attracted by *Quatermass and the Pit*, which regularly emptied pubs and clubs each Saturday night over its six week run. Not only was this good news for TV science

Sydney Newman, Head of BBC TV Drama in 1963 and the 'Godfather' of *Doctor Who*.



fiction it was also good news for the BBC, at a time when they were beginning to feel the effects of an increasingly powerful competitor – ITV.

Independent Television started in 1955. Instead of one large corporate body, like the BBC, ITV comprised a dozen or so smaller production companies, all making, and prerecording, programmes for sale to each other and overseas.

In planning this network of commercial stations the companies involved had unashamedly looked across the Atlantic in search of inspiration and blueprints. Unlike the BBC, which gleaned income from license money, ITV needed money from advertising, and tempting advertisers meant guaranteeing them ratings. Ergo, to get ratings it was absolutely vital that the ITV chiefs broadcast programmes geared to attract a maximum audience. Thus a careful analysis of the USA system was undertaken in the belief that no race under the sun knew how to sell products as well as Americans.

The ITV policy of bringing a transatlantic style to British Television extended far beyond merely an emulation of programming. Not only did ITV want concepts, they also wanted expertise, and that determined an import drive.

Enter Toronto-born Sydney Newman. Qualified in painting, drawing and commercial art, Newman joined the National Film Board of Canada as a Producer in 1947, having previously worked in Hollywood from 1938. Between 1947 and 1952 he produced no less than 300 short films, many of them for the Canadian Government, and on these merits he was appointed Director of Outside Broadcasts, Features and Documentaries with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in 1952.

By 1958 Newman was the Drama Supervisor for CBC and was producing the very successful Canadian Television Theatre presentations when he was approached by the ABC TV company in England (now London Weekend Television). They had



witnessed, and were very impressed with, Newman's fresh approach to TV Drama. His influence at CBC had brought a new generation of writers, Directors and actors into the medium, all geared towards making drama appeal to mass audiences.

Newman had realised that, because of cultural inequalities, many people were not ardent followers of drama as presented in the Theatre. They were, however, more inclined to be cinema-goers. Hence the brief he handed out to his staff was to make TV drama a popular medium, like the cinema, by having it comment and reflect on worlds and situations familiar to mass audiences. He set high standards for writers and Directors, but his over-riding dictate was that televised drama should make plain statements, falsified neither by sentiment nor by doctrinaire belief. In other words, 'kitchen sink' drama that was easy to understand and sympathise with.

ABC TV wanted Newman to bring these same qualities to England, and offered him a post in control of their series *Armchair Theatre*. Newman accepted, not so much for financial reasons but because he found England, with its more polarised divisions of class and attitude, an irresistible challenge. Could his same notion of 'agitational contemporaneity' work for *Armchair Theatre* as it had worked for North American TV drama?

The results spoke for themselves. Under BBC-trained Producer Dennis Vance, *Armchair Theatre* achieved a modest success. Under the helm of Sydney Newman, the weekly productions scored in the top ten ratings chart for a staggering thirty-two out of thirty-seven weeks between Autumn 1959 and Summer 1960, with audiences averaging upwards of 12 million.

As well as *Armchair Theatre*, Sydney Newman is most remembered, at ABC, for his other hit TV show, *The Avengers*. Conceived initially as a spy series for Ian Hendry and Patrick MacNee, *The Avengers* quickly developed into a stylish combination of James Bond action/adventure with frequent science fiction overtones, the latter a narrative form much loved by Newman.

On that basis, and almost forgotten between these two dramatic giants, Newman commissioned and produced a science fiction serial for children in 1959 called *Pathfinders in Space*, a serial in seven parts, penned by Eric Paice and Malcolm Hulke – two authors who shared a friend in fellow writer David Whitaker, of whom more will be discussed in later chapters.

In his book *With an Independent Air* Howard Thomas, a contemporary of Sydney Newman at ABC TV, insists the idea of *Doctor Who* was dreamed up by Newman, while he was still at ITV, only to have the idea rejected by the sanctioning board. In a letter replying to these allegations, Newman is very adamant this was not the case, insisting instead that Thomas was confusing *Doctor Who* with the *Pathfinders* series.

Such a misconception is easy to understand. Of all the science fiction programmes screened on British Television none is so close an ancestor to *Doctor Who* as *Pathfinders*.

Pathfinders in Space obeyed all the ground rules Sydney

Newman laid down for doing drama on Television. Unlike the *Quatermass* productions, which although technically similar to *Doctor Who* were more thriller serials with fantastic overtones, *Pathfinders* was definitive science fiction. It extemporised on man's quest into space (a very popular talking point in the post-Sputnik Fifties), tackling the problems realistically with a strict observance of scientific laws. The higher, more metaphysical elements of literary space fiction were avoided, keeping the whole series fast moving and thus more likely to pick up good audiences – despite the British public's general anathema to sf around that period.

The play worked and from its modest slot around 4.30 on Sunday afternoons *Pathfinders in Space* attracted the first real family audience for a science fiction serial.

Pathfinders in Space concerns the events surrounding an early attempt to blaze a trail into space by a small group of British explorers. Professor Wedgewood (Peter Williams) leads the first team and is successfully launched into space. His supply rocket, however, cannot take off automatically and so his children, Valerie, Geoffrey and Jimmy volunteer to save the expedition. After their ship is in space they find a stowaway, and as the two rockets continue their journey into deep space, a third rocket appears . . . a spaceship from nowhere. Professor Wedgewood's rocket lands on the Moon and the supply rocket, brought by his children, lands some 150 miles away. Wedgewood sets out to find it and both parties discover that someone has already arrived on the Moon before them . . .

The three children find a cave containing relics of a previous civilisation. Professor Wedgewood also finds proof of a landing in the distant past and now wonders whether the alien spacecraft will reveal its secrets. Eventually the two parties meet up and commence searching inside the ancient craft. As they do so, meteorites begin bombarding the Moon. Disaster strikes the explorers and Wedgewood is faced with a terrible decision. One of the rockets has been destroyed and it is decided only Valerie and one other member of the group can return home, leaving perhaps no hope of rescue for the others. But maybe there is one other, but risky, alternative: the mystery spaceship . . .

This first serial, grandiose as its plot sounds, was a live production, not even telerecorded for posterity due to cost factors. In a way, this was perhaps just as well. Gerald Flood, co-starring as astronaut pilot Conway Henderson, remembers clearly a panic in the studio control room when it was realised that another character, dressed in full space suit, was inaudible to the microphones once he had latched down his space helmet.

Regardless of technical hitches *Pathfinders in Space* was judged a great success, leading to a second series being commissioned in 1960.

This was *Pathfinders to Mars*, a six-episode production, again by Messrs Hulke and Paice, which opted for prerecording in a bid to retain the sanity of Director Guy Verney. Peter Williams once more played the all-wise Professor Wedgewood while Gerald Flood returned as the square-jawed hero Conway Henderson.

Significantly though a new character was introduced, Harcourt Brown, a tetchy, cantankerous scientist of mysterious background, compellingly played by George Coulouris.

Keen to encourage a wider audience, Sydney Newman, as Producer, also cast a female lead in the series to play the part of Professor Meadows, an 'older woman' character who could relate the plot's weird happenings in human terms to the young, but now more grown-up, children.

In *Pathfinders to Mars*, Brown, an imposter aboard the latest interplanetary rocket launch, deliberately sabotages the flight, causing the rocket to make an emergency landing on Mars. This affords Brown a chance to explore the planet which he believes not to be as dead as it first appears. His assumption is correct. The Martian encampment they find may be deserted but the lichen-like vegetation, triggered into accelerated growth by a light drizzle of rain, proves more than just a minor hazard for the astronauts as they race against time to repair the ship.

By the end of the serial, Harcourt Brown, who begins as a very sinister type, has evolved into a more whimsical, if somewhat selfish, personality, prone to romancing about a trip to Venus.

As if in answer to this prayer one further *Pathfinders* production was launched in 1961 – the most ambitious to date, *Pathfinders to Venus*. Shot in eight episodes, this serial, again from the Newman/Paice/Hulke/Verney team, included an extra name on the credits – Derek Freeborn, responsible for the very demanding Visual Effects, including working model rockets, a fight between two dinosaurs, a miniature Venusian city and, just for good measure, an erupting volcano.

The relative complexity of the Visual Effects required a far greater use of filmed inserts. Excessive editing of videotape was not to be encouraged in 1961 and so Newman worked to the formula of having live action done in the electronic studio, and the Visual Effects, plus other control critical sequences, done on film – a small, but important development in British science fiction programme making.

The *Pathfinders* series proved a popular audience winner, like much of Newman's drama output. Indeed, so popular were the *Pathfinders* characters that several of them were hived off to appear in another children's sf serial, *City Beneath the Sea*, a well written technological thriller penned by John Lucarotti.

In 1960, Hugh Greene, a member of the Board of Governors at the BBC, had abruptly dismissed the claim that ITV was as much a public service body as the BBC, cynically despatching its press tag as 'the people's Television'. Yet it was clear by 1962 that the Corporation was lagging badly behind, not only with ratings but with styles of dramatic presentation. ITV, with *Pathfinders* and Gerry Anderson's *Fireball XL5* had advanced the techniques of Television for younger audiences. BBC, by contrast, still offered Dickensian classics as staple fare to growing legions of space age children. Something needed to be done.

The opportunity arose when Michael Barry, the BBC's long-standing Head of Drama, resigned in 1961 to join the new Irish

The plot synopses for Sydney Newman's *Pathfinders* series, in many respects the ancestor of *Doctor Who*.

PATHFINDERS TO MARS

A SERIAL IN 6 EPISODES
by MALCOLM HULKE and ERIC PACE

Starring
Peter Williams as Professor Wedgwood
George Courious as The Impostor
Gerald Flood as Conway Henderson

Designed by DAVID GILLISPIE
Programme Advisor MARY FIELD
Producer STONEY NEWMAN
Directed by GUY VERNEY

Conway Henderson, the eccentric journalist, consents to pilot a new inter-stellar rocket. Young Geoffrey Wedgwood will be one of the crew, and Henderson's niece Margaret - due for a holiday with her uncle - prescribes Henderson's place. Meanwhile the place of Professor Dymal is taken by an unidentified man believed by Wedgwood and the rocket crew to be Dymal.

The impostor, Brown, sabotages the rocket's radio receiver, so that Henderson and the rest of the crew cannot be told of his real identity. He is in touch with a mysterious "Sector T-1", which has apparently placed his action. Henderson locates the rocket's supply capsules in orbit around the moon, but while he and the crew are reloading, Brown manages to get control of the rocket - and to hold Margaret as hostage.

PATHFINDERS IN SPACE

A SERIAL IN 7 PARTS
by MALCOLM HULKE and ERIC PACE

Starring
PETER WILLIAMS
HAROLD GOLDBLATT
GERALD FLOOD
Directed by
SIDNEY NEWMAN
GUY VERNEY

Episode 1
GOODY TO THE MOON
Episode 2
SPACECAP FROM NOWHERE
Episode 3
LESS BRIDGEHEAD
Episode 4
THE MAN IN THE MOON
Episode 5
THE WORLD OF LOST TIDE
Episode 6
DISASTER ON THE MOON
Episode 7
RESCUE IN SPACE

Professor Wedgwood leads the first team of Moon explorers and is successfully launched into space. His supply rocket, however, cannot take off by schedule. He is in touch with a mysterious "Sector T-1", which has apparently placed his action. Henderson locates the rocket's supply capsules in orbit around the moon, but while he and the crew are reloading, Brown manages to get control of the rocket - and to hold Margaret as hostage.

A science fiction serial for children in seven 30 minute episodes distributed by I Deon Street, London W. 1. Cable: PATHFINDER

Associated British-Pathe Ltd
Tel: 01-253 8444

PATHFINDERS TO VENUS

A SERIAL IN 8 EPISODES
by MALCOLM HULKE and ERIC PACE

Starring
George Courious as Marcourt Brown
Gerald Flood as Conway Henderson
Graydon Gosé as Captain Wilson

Designed by DAVID GILLISPIE
Special Effects DESK FREDERICK
Programme Advisor MARY FIELD
Producer STONEY NEWMAN
Directed by GUY VERNEY

Returning from their visit to Mars, the crew of the British space-ship M. 4 intercepts a distress signal from a rocket ship about Venus. Blinded by a lack of oxygen, Wilson warns M. 4 that his instruments have gone faulty. Henderson saves it from disaster. Brown - a secret agent of the Americans - has been forced to land on Venus.

M. 4 lands safely in the depths of a thick forest. Henderson, Professor and Margaret are all alone, and Geoff sees the American's space-ship in the distance. It is coming in to land. It lands nearby. But when Geoff and Margaret see the creature with enormous strength.

The children make radio contact with the rest who are now exploring the forest of Venus. In their way back, Brown suddenly disappears and later is found himself beside the Antimal, Wilson, they have both been captured. But he is a city built by the inhabitants of Venus, and they decide to try to reach it. Margaret and Professor Henderson, on the other hand, are trying to force an entrance. Then Henderson too, disappears.

television network, Telefís Éireann in Dublin. After some debate, the BBC swallowed its pride and offered the post to Sydney Newman.

Newman accepted the job, even though it meant taking a drop in salary. For him, compensation lay in taking control over the entire, vast dramatic output of the BBC, with almost unlimited executive powers to restructure it as he saw fit.

Almost Newman's first act at the BBC was to decimate the existing Script Department under Donald Wilson. This unit had been set up originally to refine the art of specific writing for Television; either by seeking out works of literature suitable for adaption, or by commissioning new material and applying it to the 'TV-writing art form'. The predominant over-view in this Department was that Television held a special kind of mystique; that writing and producing drama for it demanded special levels of skill which were to be somewhere between the scopes of the Theatre and the Cinema.

Newman immediately judged this department to be an out-of-date dinosaur, so it was abolished. In its place, Newman substituted three departments: Plays, Series, and Serials.

Plays handled just that: single one-off productions including, strangely enough, opera, which was felt owed more to drama than to music.

Series were deemed to be longer plays, broken down into episodes for convenience of presentation. They would be more inclined *not* to end on cliff-hangers.

Serials were judged to be weekly productions, often year-round in production, that would always end on a note prompting the viewer to tune in again next week to watch the continuation. Existing examples at that time were *Compact* and *Starr and Company*.

A revised production hierarchy was also instigated by Sydney Newman, again modelled on the American system adopted by ABC. Before, as typified by Rudolph Cartier on the *Quatermass* shows, a Producer was expected both to produce, direct and, to an extent, liaise, with the writer on his script content. Under the Newman system, each Producer would be allocated a Story (Script) Editor to free him from writing overheads, and a pool of (mostly staff) Directors actually to make the programmes. The Producer would still be in overall charge, but his or her role was now far more strategic than tactical.

By Spring 1963, the groundwork of restructuring the BBC had been done. The big task now was to take on ITV – and win – which is where *Doctor Who* entered the scene. Sydney Newman takes up the story:

'As Head of the Drama Group, I was privy to problems of scheduling. Probably articulated by Donald Baverstock, Controller of BBC 1 or Stuart Hood, Controller of Programmes, there was a gap in the ratings on Saturday afternoons between BBC's vastly popular sports coverage, ending at 5.15, and the start at 5.45 of an equally popular pop music programme [*Juke Box Jury*]. What was



between them was, I vaguely recall, a children's classic drama serial, i.e. Charles Dickens dramatisations etc. This could be moved to Sunday if the Drama Department could come up with something more suitable.

'So, we required a new programme that would bridge the state of mind of sports fans, and the teenage pop music audience, while attracting and holding the children's audience accustomed to their Saturday afternoon serial. So that's the "why" of *Doctor Who*.

'The problem was, as I saw it, that it had to be a children's programme and still attract adults and teenagers. And also, as a children's programme, I was intent upon it containing basic factual information that could be described as educational – or, at least, mind-opening for them.

'So my first thought was of a time-space machine (thanks to H. G. Wells) in which contemporary characters (one of whom I wanted to be a 12-13 year old) would be able to travel forward and backward in time, and inward and outward in space. All stories were to be based on scientific and historical facts as we knew them at that time.

'Space also meant outer space, intergalactic travel, but again based on understood fact. So no bug-eyed monsters which I had always thought to be the cheapest form of science fiction.

'Re time. How wonderful, I thought, if today's humans could find themselves on the shores of England seeing and getting mixed up with Caesar's army in 54 BC, landing to take over the country; be in burning Rome as Nero fiddled; get involved in Europe's tragic thirty years war, etc., etc.

'That was the scheme, so how to dress it up?

'One thing I was certain of. The space-time machine had to be a very pedestrian-looking, everyday object to shock audiences into not taking the world around them for granted. It must be vast inside but small outside.

'Well, how did it get to be on Earth? Who would run it?

'To answer both questions I dreamed up the character of a man who is 764 years old; who is senile but with extraordinary flashes of intellectual brilliance. A crotchety old bugger (any kid's grandfather) who had, in a state of terror, escaped in his machine from an advanced civilisation on a distant planet which had been taken over by some unknown enemy. He didn't know who he was anymore, and neither did the Earthlings, hence his name, Doctor Who; he didn't know precisely where his home was; he did not fully know how to operate the time-space machine.

'In short, he never intended to come to our Earth. In trying to go home he simply pressed the wrong buttons – and kept on pressing the wrong buttons, taking his human passengers backwards and forwards, and in and out of time and space.

'I also felt that no serial/story should last longer than between four and six episodes (I didn't want to risk losing audiences for longer, should one story not appeal). Each episode had to end with a cliff-hanger and repeat this at the start of the next episode.

'I believe I put the above into a memo addressed to Donald Wilson whom I had appointed as my Head of Serials. I called him



into my office, handed my memo to him and immodestly said, "Here's a great idea for Saturday afternoons. What do you think?"

'Donald perused it, looked up at me, scratched his head, grinned, and said, "Not bad. Maybe." Donald was a very cautious Scot, but his "maybe" was right. A lot of ideas can really go to hell in production; writing, casting, direction all being uncertain variables.

'When, some time later, he and I discussed who might take over the responsibility for producing it I rejected the traditional drama types, who did the children's serials, and said that I wanted somebody, full of vinegar, who'd be prepared to break rules in doing the show. Somebody young with a sense of "today" – the early "Swinging London" days.

'I phoned Verity Lambert, who had been on my *Armchair Theatre* staff at ABC. She had never directed, produced, acted or written drama – but, by God, she was a bright, highly intelligent, outspoken Production Secretary who took no nonsense and never gave any – but all with winning charm. I offered her the job and after Donald Wilson met her she joined us. I have a vague recollection that Donald Wilson at first sniffed at Verity Lambert's "independent" ways. Knowing both of them, I knew they would hit it off when they got to know one another better. They did.'

By early 1963 the stage for *Doctor Who* was set. Through *Quatermass* and *Pathfinders* it had been proved that the somewhat eclectic medium of science fiction could be transposed into popular television entertainment. Especially in the case of *Pathfinders*, its strength had drawn from a balance of well rounded characters in situations still identifiable to the viewers: Newman's drive for plain statements.

Technology, too, had reached a point where Producers, working in electronic studio environments, needed to fear no longer the pitfalls of live television. Prerecording was possible; so too were a range of optical and mechanical visual effects denied to the makers of *The Time Machine* and *The Quatermass Experiment*.

Finally, the working hierarchy was now available to make real Newman's dream of a long-running science fiction serial. Debutting Producer Verity Lambert would have access to a pool of new and established Directors physically to make the shows, plus, in the office next door, her most valued asset of all – a resident Script-Editor.

Normally in the commissioning of a series, both Producer and Script-Editor are appointed virtually simultaneously. However, because of the steps involved in bringing Verity Lambert over from ABC, *Doctor Who* gained its father long before it found its mother. In the beginning was the Script-Editor.

THE DALEKS

The Cusick Stories
Serial 'B'

Synopsis: For Ian and Barbara, the hasty flight from freezing Paleolithic Earth has brought them no nearer a return to the comforts of England in 1963. Stepping from the uncertain sanctuary of the TARDIS, an even more forbidding landscape awaits them – a forest of whitened, petrified trees, soil turned to ash, and everywhere a deathly hush. The Doctor tells them they have left Earth completely and are now out far beyond the Solar System. His initial prognosis, that the planet is totally dead, is backed up by all they see, even when the four surmount a ridge and see, in the valley below, the gleaming spires of a deserted, metal city.

The Doctor wants to explore, but the two teachers say no. All manner of dangers could lie down there, and only the Doctor knows how to operate the ship. However the wily old man gets his way, surreptitiously sabotaging the TARDIS to make it look like mechanical failure, and suggesting the city as the only source of repair.

OVERLEAF:
The Dalek city as seen by the film camera; a wreath of dry ice enshrouds the model.

Once in the city the time-travellers find it far from dead.





Hidcously scarred mutants in metal machines – the survivors of a terrible thermonuclear war – capture and imprison them, believing the four to be Thals, the other race on this planet whom these Daleks once fought.

Sent back into the forest to fetch medicine from the TARDIS, Susan encounters one of the Thals. He and his people are in need of food, and a party has been sent here to investigate the Dalek city.

The Daleks establish contact with the Thals and promise them food, but it is a trap. Their intention is extermination only. The travellers escape and manage to warn the Thal party in time to save most of them. Back in the forest the Doctor discovers the Daleks have taken the piece he sabotaged from the TARDIS. Without it they are stranded here forever.

Gradually they enlist the help of the Thals, persuading them to overcome their pacifist lifestyle and to fight for their share of this planet. The struggle must be carried back to the Dalek city, they argue. Eventually a two-pronged attack is agreed on. Ian and Barbara will lead a small expedition into the city from the rear, while the larger group creates a diversion.

The trek proves long and arduous, with casualties mounting as they forge through swamps and mountains before finally breaking into the Dalek city.

Fighting begins when they learn the Daleks intend to pollute the atmosphere with even more radioactive fallout, which will kill the Thals. Dalek firepower threatens to destroy the expeditionary force until the attackers hit on the idea of disabling the city's power generators. With no static electricity coming through the floor the Dalek machines fail, killing their occupants inside. The planet now belongs to the Thals . . .

Recovering the fluid link device from the TARDIS the time-travellers set off once more. But no sooner have they dematerialised than an explosion rocks the ship . . .

Background: Quite simply, this was the story which launched *Doctor Who*. Ratings and audience appreciation for the first serial, 'The Tribe of Gum', were good, and indeed above the average for BBC's Children's broadcasting. It had done better than the 5.30 Sunday Classic Serial and had proved an effective challenge to ITV's Saturday afternoon serial, *The Buccaneers*. 'The Daleks', however, took the show up into the rarified heights of peak viewing, prompting programme schedulers to see it as a very useful keystone in grabbing audiences for the whole of Saturday evening – which had been Donald Baverstock's prime intention all along.

Part One takes the greatest credit for hooking its audiences. Oddly enough, production problems first time around on this episode, 'The Dead Planet', occasioned it to be completely remounted and rerecorded between Episodes Three and Four, the only time this has happened in *Doctor Who*'s entire history aside from the remount of the pilot (see Chapter Three).

This put *Doctor Who*'s recording schedules back by one week,

OPPOSITE:
Susan (Carole Ann Ford) and the Thal Queen, Dyon (Virginia Wetherell).

OVERLEAF:
The blueprints for the Maggedon, the metal monster discovered by the TARDIS crew on Skaro, and the crystalline flower found by Susan in the petrified forest there.

POLICE BOX



10" x 10"
SIZE



PLANT. MORE OF 1/2 INK
OR CONTACT DASHY RATHER
HALL PINK IN BLUE W.T.
DIESEL PINK DOTS. AND
X.D.T. MOST LIKABLE WITH
WAT. - PROUD.

NOTES: THIS
IS A
1.5" x 6" x 10" x 10"
IS SOME SUBSTANTIAL
VATONAL
KATON PAPER DASHY
INFLUENCE

PLANT - 4 OFF

CONSTRUCTION

PANTERS

ARTIST

AS ABOVE X DISCUSSION

but few would deny the worth of having done it. Layering suspense element upon suspense element, the episode builds up tension almost to breaking point as audiences ponder the big question: 'What lives in that city?' The final 'sting', as Barbara emerges from the lift and screams in terror at the approach of . . . something, stands as one of the finest cliff-hangers any serial has ever boasted. According to Terry Nation, after 'The Dead Planet' went out, he was deluged with phone calls from friends and colleagues, all wanting to know, 'What was it?' Just what was the object of Barbara's terror that viewers had only seen so far as a suction cup visible through a circular lens cowl?

The Dalek machines provided the answer a week later. With an unhuman shape, gliding motion, array of gadgets and grating voice, their fame spread, by word of mouth, like wild-fire throughout the schools of Britain. They were unlike anything ever seen before and for a while even the term 'Dalek Operator', credited at the end of each episode, substantiated the myth that they were actually radio-controlled robots.

Part of the fascination lay in the mystery of what exactly lurked inside the casings. Going on the Cinema's maxim about what you imagine you'll see often being more frightening than what you actually do see, the production team on 'The Daleks' chose wisely not to show the mutants inside the casings, save by suggestion and the odd teaser.

AFM Michael Ferguson played the Dalek claw seen at the end of episode four, but although convincing to the audience, this claw was nothing more elaborate than a joke shop gorilla hand covered in grease.

Only once was the full 'adult' Dalek mutant paraded in public. Interviewed by, of all newspapers, *The Daily Worker* (now *The Morning Star*), Raymond Cusick provided them with a colour illustration interpreting his idea of what lay inside. But such was the circulation of *The Daily Worker* in 1963 that few of *Doctor Who*'s growing army of fans ever saw it.



Production Credits

Serial 'B'
Seven Episodes
Black and White

'The Dead Planet'	21 December 1963
'The Survivors'	28 December 1963
'The Escape'	4 January 1964
'The Ambush'	11 January 1964
'The Expedition'	18 January 1964
'The Ordeal'	25 January 1964
'The Rescue'	1 February 1964

Cast

Doctor Who	William Hartnell
Ian Chesterton	William Russell
Barbara Wright	Jacqueline Hill
Susan Foreman	Carole Ann Ford

Alydon	John Lee
Ganatus	Philip Bond
Dyoni	Virginia Wetherell
Temmosus	Alan Wheatley
Elyon	Gerald Curtis
Kristas	Jonathan Crane
Antodus	Marcus Hammond
Other Thals	Chris Browning, Katie Cashfield, Vez Delahunt, Kevin Glenny, Ruth Harrison, Lesley Hill, Steve Pokol, Jeanette Rossini, Eric Smith
Dalek Voices	Peter Hawkins
Daleks	David Graham Robert Jewell, Kevin Manser, Michael Summerton, Gerald Taylor, Peter Murphy

Crew	Norman Stewart
Production Assistant	Michael Ferguson
Assistant Floor Manager	Daphne Dare
Costume Supervisor	Elizabeth Blattner
Make-up Supervisor	Tristram Cary
Incidental Music	David Whitaker
Story Editor	Raymond Cusick
Designer	Jeremy Davies
Designer (6)	Mervyn Pinfield
Associate Producer	Verity Lambert
Producer	Christopher Barry
Director (1, 2, 4, 5)	Richard Martin
Director (1, 6, 7)	

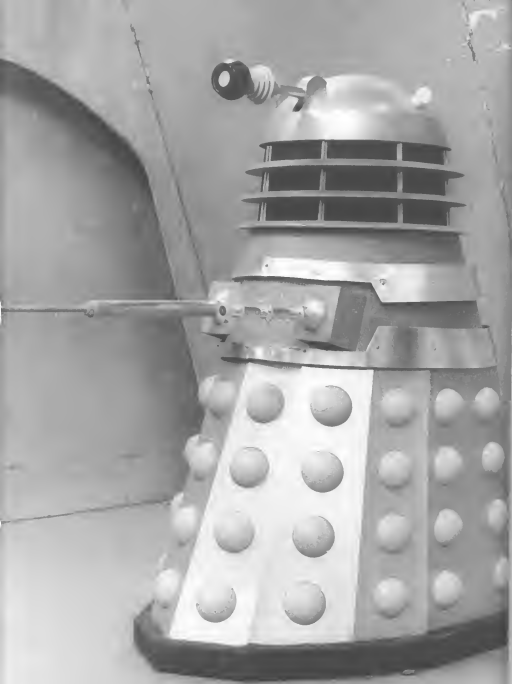
DOCTOR WHO

THE EARLY YEARS

Jeremy Bentham



W.H. ALLEN · LONDON
1986



THE EDGE OF DESTRUCTION

The Cusick Stories
Serial 'C'

Synopsis: A mystery explosion has trapped the four time-travellers inside the TARDIS. Plunged into near darkness, none of the control systems are working, leaving the craft, to all intents and purposes, hanging dead in space.

The aftermath of the explosion has left all four companions suffering various degrees of concussion, states of mind leading tempers and suspicions all round to rise in the silent, shadow-filled atmosphere of the dormant craft.

Recovering gradually, the travellers find it impossible to re-activate the TARDIS's flight systems, and even machinery that supplies food and drink, though still in action, registers 'Empty'. The scanner is showing strange pictures that bear no resemblance to what is outside. The doors open and shut on their own, and beyond them is nothing but the void of space.

The Doctor is sceptical of the explanations offered by his companions. Susan and Barbara fear some alien intelligence has invaded the ship; Ian is more practical and is convinced there is simply a technical fault. With no-one yet fully recovered, and as

OVERLAP:

An extract from the camera script of 'The Edge of Destruction' by David Whitaker; reproduced by permission of the BBC and David Whitaker's Estate.

98. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Oh, you attacked
me.
99. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Absolute nonsense!
100. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Then, when we were
the controls.
101. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: But you checked everything.
I found that there wasn't
any faults, anywhere.
102. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Oh, checked
everything. You said I.
103. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Why should we?
What reason could we have?
104. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Obviously you
wanted to force me to return
you to England.
105. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Don't be ridiculous!
106. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: I'm sure of it!
107. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Now I'm sure!
me, that you, I've said it
the time of the 1000 in
didn't come first for you?
And what about the terrible
things we went through together
the day? For twelve as
into going down into the
ship. Can you see? I'm
on it down in your boat and
have. Or say that I've
succeeded, either!
- (3 next)

(Cen. 1 on ab. 100)

- CHANCE L. LOSE
HARRISON, PICK
UP JIM 8/10/4.
- STAN: She's talking sense,
Gandhi.
- THE DOCTOR DOES NOT
SPEAK.
108. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: I'm coming to see!
109. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: Perfect!
110. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: (SHEW CLOCK FACE IN
C.V.)
ALL THE MEMBERS HAVE
BEEN COMING LATELY.
ALTHOUGH THE ORIGINAL
PROBLEM WAS CLEAR
SWAMP, THE ALL
MISCELLANEOUS AND
FRODO BAGGINS.
111. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: I'm looking at his
own wristwatch.
112. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: C.W. LANE'S WRISTWATCH.
113. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: THE SAME THING HAS
HAPPENED.
114. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: GALVANA GLANCES AT
HERS, TOO.
115. 1 0 16
FROM: JIM
TO: JIM
JIM: SURELY WILL YOU AND
WATCH AND TELL ME IT AT
THE CENTRE OF THE
TOWN IS A PLACE.
- DOCTOR PUTS HIS CHAIN
THROATBELL, TWO
AT WHICH POINT -
DIRECT PAGE -)
- PICK: She's somewhere where
they didn't mind, where
swelling didn't bother us.
- (3 next)

I think you can
make, Susan.
I
HAPPENED WITH
I WAS APOLOGIZING
TO.

(SUSAN TWO AND
ONE TO BARBARA)

I've decided we need
spies. We're somewhat
right. We, Doctor...
right. In Secret...
HAPPENED WITH YOU?

I wish I understood you,
in the middle you above
of the next you play the
act better.

YES: A little sleep
helps on all relax and sleep.

YES SAYS YES!

YES: It is to night. When we
are at killing, have we?

(SUSAN SAYS TWO AND
ONE SAYS)

BARBARA: I'm going to bed.

YES: Make it up with her,
Doctor, please do.

DOCTOR LOOKS AT BARBARA,
SAYS TO SUSAN: I SAY
FROM THE GROUP, SAYS
DOCTOR: I'M GOING TO
DOCTOR IS LOOKING AT YES,
YES: NO MORE WITH THE
MOVIE TO KILLING.

SUSAN POLLS WITH A
SPOONFUL, LOOK AT
THE DOCTOR.

YES
YES
- 30 -

(Doc. 2 on ch. 100)

- 31 -

YES: Doctor, very strange
things are happening. I
think we're in very great
danger. This is no time for
personal quarrels.

DOCTOR: Morning?

YES: I think you should go
and apologize to Barbara.

DOCTOR: Young man, I am not
convinced with codes of
honors when called in the
evening. I don't underestimate
our danger any more than you
do, but I must have time
to think.

(THEY START TO MOVE
TOWARD THE LIVING QUARTERS)

DOCTOR: A rash nation is
worse than no action at all.

YES: I don't see anything
more in apologizing to Barbara.

YES: A E E

YES: I think it very hard to
keep pace with you.

DOCTOR: Don't you mean one
word about? And what you
never will be. You need my
knowledge and that the ability
to apply it - and then you need
my assistance to gain the
patient results.

YES: Results for good? Or
for evil?

(A next)

(Doc. 1 on ch. 112)

- 32 -

DOCTOR: One man's law may
be another man's crime.
Sleep on that, Doctor.

(DOCTOR MOVES OUT OF SHOT.
C.S. IAN'S FACE.)

YES: A E E

YES: I think it's time
to go.

(DOCTOR IS MOVING IN
ATTACTIONE SUSAN'S
SUSAN COMES INTO SHOT)

YES: I just came to say I'm
sorry for what Grandfather said.

DOCTOR: It wasn't your fault.

YES: I know, Doc...try
and understand him. Forgive
him.

(DOCTOR SMILES AT SUSAN)

BARBARA: Try not get some
more.

(DOCTOR SAYS AND COMES OUT
OF SHOT. BARBARA SAYS
ON HIS FEET. DOCTOR
SAYS LOOKS ABOUT HIM
SAYS IS CONSIDERING OF
STAYING ALONE.

YES: A E E

BARBARA IS NOW ASLEEP.
IT IS SOME TIME LATER.
(cont'd...)

- 32 -

the strange events continue, open hostility breaks out. The Doctor accuses the two schoolteachers of sabotaging the ship as a blackmail threat to get them back to England in their own time. Susan goes temporarily berserk and viciously wields a pair of scissors at Ian. And Barbara, fed up with the Doctor's taunts, gives him a piece of her mind, telling him he should be grateful for all their help.

The crisis point comes when the Doctor, unable to fathom what has happened, decides to put the two teachers off the ship.

Suddenly the whole of the Fault Locator lights up, showing that all the controls of the TARDIS have broken down. The Doctor realises that there is no way the two teachers could have achieved all this, but it is Barbara who arrives at the real solution.

It is the TARDIS itself which has halted their flight, aware of some danger which the time-travellers themselves are not. Reviewing the procedures he followed on leaving Skaro, the Doctor, at last, traces the fault – a tiny broken spring on a switch that, had it stayed in the 'down' position, would have sent the TARDIS back past the moment when the Earth's solar system was formed – beyond the Sun's point of creation. The ship refused to do this, knowing it would be destroyed, and immobilised itself, using what techniques it could to warn the travellers. With the spring repaired the systems come back on again, and the Doctor is able to reset the controls for Earth.

Tempers cool but the Doctor realises that he said some terrible things to his unwilling passengers. Barbara in particular is less than sympathetic towards him, but the old man eventually pours oil on troubled waters by explaining that as they travel together, so they will learn more of each other.

The TARDIS lands on a snowy plateau. The readings say Earth, but outside Susan finds the footprint of a giant in the snow.

Background: This remarkable two-part adventure came about purely as a stop-gap measure to forestall a looming crisis.

Work preparing the 'Marco Polo' story for the studio had taken up more time and resources than was originally envisaged. Designed to be a showpiece for the new series, the very ambitious script, even in its final form, called for every stage in Polo's journey to Peking from the Himalayas to be represented with sumptuous interior sets, exterior sets done in the studio, animated map graphics, and a vast array of costumes, props and backdrops.

It was a mammoth undertaking and, as work on 'The Daleks' story began to wind down, the awful truth dawned that 'Marco Polo' would not be ready in time to make its booked studio allocation.

The knock-on effect of this would be to delay the start of *Doctor Who* on Television, something considered very unwise in the light of problems encountered on 'The Daleks'.

The compromise was a filler story which would make good use of the available studio. The only problem was that only the regular cast could be used and the only set could be the TARDIS.

Working against time, David Whitaker is believed to have put

together the first of his two fifty page scripts in one afternoon – taking the opportunity to introduce viewers further to the characters of the Doctor, Ian, Barbara and Susan, and to make more known about the TARDIS space/time ship.

Problems did not cease either with production of the second script. Engaging a Director proved far from easy as Verity Lambert discovered. Having to rely on staff Directors in-between other assignments, she found her first choice, Paddy Russell, unavailable at the last moment, and second choice, Richard Martin, only free for one episode. Finally Frank Cox was pulled in to shoot part two.

The cast also found the story difficult to rehearse, experiencing problems interpreting many of Whitaker's ideas on concussed behaviour.

Ironically, the only person with a fairly easy passage on this show was Raymond Cusick. Peter Brachaki's TARDIS control room set made up the bulk of the design requirements, leaving Cusick only with the task of constructing two dormitory rooms.

Stock, copyright-cleared, library music overcame the show's lack of budget and time for the commissioning of specially composed incidental music.

Originally without a generic title, this serial has eventually become known by four names: 'The Spaceship', 'Inside The Spaceship', 'Beyond The Sun' (a hangover from the retitling of Malcolm Hulke's story 'The Hidden Planet') and 'The Edge of Destruction'.



Production Credits

Serial 'C'
Two Episodes
Black and White

'The Edge Of
Destruction' 8 February 1964
'The Brink Of Disaster' 15 February 1964

Cast

Doctor Who	William Hartnell
Ian Chesterton	William Russell
Barbara Wright	Jacqueline Hill
Susan Foreman	Carole Ann Ford

Crew

Production Assistant	Tony Lightley
Assistant Floor Manager	Jeremy Hare
Costume Supervisor	Daphne Dare
Make-up Supervisor	Ann Ferriggi
Story Editor	David Whitaker
Designer	Raymond Cusick
Associate Producer	Mervyn Pinfield
Director (1)	Richard Martin
Director (2)	Frank Cox



THE MYTH MAKERS

DAVID WHITAKER's appointment, picking up the gauntlet of Newman's challenge to make *Doctor Who* a science fiction Theatre-of-the-Air, was not quite a moment instantly recognisable as a turning point in Television history. In fact, with any number of other writers, the circumstances of the appointment could well have been self-appraised as, 'Oh no, not more work.'

As his first wife, June Barry, recalls, Whitaker was at work on another project when a knock at the office door heralded the entrance of Donald Wilson. With an air of urgency, suggesting that he had a host of other people to see, Wilson handed over a four-page programme guide with a curt: 'It's called *Doctor Who*. It's science fiction set in a London police box. I'd like you to write it up for me. Away you go.' Then, having deposited the folder of foolscap pages on Whitaker's desk, the Head of Serials made as rapid a departure as he had made an entrance.

Allowing for the vagaries of memory, plus some very likely embellishing in the way Whitaker recounted the tale to his, then, fiancée, it is possible that the above tale contains just a couple of

overt simplifications. Nevertheless, even catering for the eloquence of the after-dinner story teller, this abrupt introduction of *Doctor Who* into the Serials Department does serve to give an insight into two men who shaped much of what later went before the cold eyes of the BBC cameras.

Donald Wilson was very much of the BBC's 'old school' which had grown up in the wake of Lord Reith. It was Reith who had imbued the BBC with the mystique of a divine right to broadcast – laying down so many of the standards which raised the values of the Corporation to a par with any Civil Service division.

A great student of literature and the classics, Donald Wilson, described by many who knew him as an 'avuncular Scot with an enormous sense of humour', had been more than capable of helming the BBC's Drama Unit up to its dissolution by Sydney Newman. He was a firm believer in the power of Television, seeing it as a definitive medium for enriching the lives of the general public through the art of its broadcasting.

David Whitaker, the first script-editor of *Doctor Who*, and the man responsible for creating much of the magic of the programme.



This was the appeal of *Doctor Who* in his eyes. Its wide-ranging format allowed children's costume drama, previously thought the sole preserve of the Classic Serials Division, to be made more appealing by means of a link to the space age. An even greater attraction was the additional dramatic layer of having the Doctor and his friends as hindsight judge and jury over the events surrounding them. Their presence, either in medieval England or aboard a space rocket, situated them ideally as narrators; to offer explanations of everything from the Battle of Hastings to nuclear propulsion.

Doctor Who, though, was not going to be a straight children's serial, since its main aim in life was to capture the family audience between *Grandstand* and *Juke Box Jury*. Partly in recompense for disbanding Wilson's Drama Department, Newman gave the assignment to him with the expressed intention of fostering a year-round drama serial suitable for all age groups: the drive for class – indivisible Television to cross all boundaries and backgrounds. It is doubtful that the Children's Department could have made the series anyway, as one of Sydney Newman's other shake-ups had been to wind down this Department, dispersing much of its talent throughout the rest of the Drama Group.

So *Doctor Who* could not be obvious in its audience approach. Unlike generations of 'So tell me, Professor . . .' presentations, geared at younger audiences, the show's appeal would be upwards of *Whirligig*, but pitched to fall short of the gut horror depicted in the *Quatermass* dramas or Robert Gould's 1962 serial *The Big Pull*, which had centred around the biological perils of sending astronauts through the Earth's radiation belt.

Like any good manager Donald Wilson chose David Whitaker to story edit *Doctor Who* because he felt he was the best man for the job. But how had he arrived at this conclusion?

David Whitaker was born in Knebworth, Hertfordshire in 1928, although fairly soon afterwards his family moved to Barnes in South-West London where he went to school and spent much of his adolescent life.

Two great, but quite contrasting, literary loves manifested themselves early on, both of which were to have an influence on his later *Doctor Who* career. On the one hand Whitaker was a keen devotee of science fiction, with Ray Bradbury in particular a favourite. On the other hand, Whitaker avidly devoured the kind of *Boy's Own* adventures typified by such heroes as Bulldog Drummond and any of John Buchan's creations.

Theatre became his first professional ground-base: writing for, appearing in and directing productions for a wide number of companies, including the celebrated York Repertory Group. It was while he was with York Rep that one of his plays, *A Choice of Partners* was seen in production by a member of the BBC Script Unit. The BBC subsequently bought the broadcasting rights to the play and commissioned David Whitaker to adapt it for Television. On its merits Donald Wilson asked, in 1957, if Whitaker would do a three month trial as an in-house writer.

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On the text side I should like to record my gratitude to the writers and researchers of the CMS *Space and Time* Project (particularly Gary, Tim, Dave and Steve) whose efforts over the last six years have provided much of the invaluable background material used in this book. Additional thanks to Sydney Newman, Verity Lambert, Carole Ann Ford, June Barry, Stephanie Whitaker, Peter Haining, Ian Levine, Deanne Holding and, from the BBC, Glyn Martin, Irene Basterfield and the girls of the Drama Script Unit.

Lastly, very special thanks are due to Christopher Barry whose own photographic and reference material have enhanced this book far beyond my original estimations, and to Editor Nigel Robinson for getting the whole endeavour off the ground in the first place.

J. Jeremy Bentham
August 1985

For the next few years, David Whitaker immersed himself in all aspects of writing for Television. He wrote six plays, contributed episodes to many series and serials (both as a writer and a Story Editor), all of which went into production, including a successful series about a pilot-adventurer called *Garry Halliday*: a mixture somewhere between *Biggles* and *Bulldog Drummond*. He also provided lyrics for a musical (Whitaker was an accomplished pianist) and even wrote comedy links for several variety shows.

As a person, Whitaker was frequently described by those who knew him as a great store-house of energy and enthusiasm, who could manage that rare gift of imparting such enthusiasm to others. On the surface, he was a very outgoing man, frequently in the company of esteemed names from the showbusiness profession. James Beck (late of *Dad's Army*) was among his closest friends, while on the romantic side he almost got engaged to Yootha Joyce, got engaged to Justine Lord, and then finally, in the summer of 1963, mid-way through his work setting up *Doctor Who*, got married to June Barry, soon to gain world-wide fame herself as one of the three leading ladies in Donald Wilson's epic adaption of John Galsworthy's *The Forsyte Saga*.

What made Whitaker ideal for *Doctor Who*, though, was his ability to write from the heart; to put into words notions and understandings of wonder. June Barry explains:

'David was a tremendous lateral thinker. He'd look at a problem and come up with a totally different answer to the one you'd expect . . . As a person, David was almost a man born out of his period. He had impeccable manners that somehow always reminded you of an older, bygone age. He never lost his links with children either. He could always talk to them on their level without ever sounding patronising, as most adults tend to do.'

Whatever specific qualities Donald Wilson observed in Whitaker's style of writing, and saw as suitable for *Doctor Who*, can only be guessed at, but it is very likely he saw in Whitaker the sought-after bridge of writing for adults and writing for children. He could link both with a talent for seeing the future and the past from a sideways, yet very humanly understandable, perspective – in short, bringing out the magic of travelling in the fourth dimension to the audience sitting at home.

Intrigued by Sydney Newman's two-page memo Donald Wilson first took it to BBC staff writer C. E. 'Bunny' Webber, whose job it became to flesh out the synopsis into something suitable for a Script-Editor to work from. Webber's job was to locate any pitfalls in the concept which might give substance to Wilson's original 'maybe' about the show. Then, if any of them looked like causing serious narrative or production headaches Webber, in consultation with Wilson and Newman, could make appropriate adjustments before writers were commissioned. Webber is believed to have refined the four characters, devised by Newman, into the essential bipolar structure by which most long-running serials operate, namely conflict. The Doctor and his teenage companion would be the doyens of one alien culture, whose morality and attitudes would lead them into opposition with the two human characters.



Other rules, too, needed to be followed. The two sets of characters needed to be able to confide in one another. Only by such means could motivations be established and explained without resort to one of Television's phoniest cop-outs – the character who consistently talks to himself, to the point of ultimately causing the audience to have serious doubts about that character's sanity.

There were sound technical reasons for keeping the regular cast no smaller than four. The medium of continuous recording prompted the inclusion of bridging scenes to allow one group of characters time to go off one set and onto another while the action is carried on by the second group of characters. Reasoning that the very nature of *Doctor Who* would mean scenes at the beginning and end of serials where only the regular cast were involved, this element became almost a prerequisite to production.

Under Webber's experienced eye Sydney Newman's memo became a four page document. It was this which Donald Wilson studied, approved, and finally placed before David Whitaker, whose job it would now be to develop ideas into stories.

Whitaker read Sydney Newman's brief and was immediately captivated by its premise to link the fantastic with the ordinary. Everyone expects, he reasoned, to see large, gleaming spaceships orbiting planets. But what if the spaceships were here already, disguised as everyday artifacts? And what if their occupants were already walking among us, keeping cautiously in the background to avoid notice and suspicion, just as twentieth-century man would need to do if he were thrust into another, and potentially hostile, age.

It was important, Whitaker felt, to keep alive the awe and slight fear felt by strangers in strange lands – whether they be aliens in the twentieth century, or 1963 members of the general public in twelfth-century Cathay.

He drew up a very elaborate Writer's Guide to explain what he had in mind to the authors he planned to canvass for *Doctor Who*. Quality was Whitaker's prime consideration in realising Newman's brief. Whatever else happened, in what could be a very technically limiting production, *Doctor Who* would be founded by the best writers he could afford. And that meant taking a trip down to the lower end of the Bayswater Road.

Some years earlier, Ray Galton and Alan Simpson (the writers for comic artist Tony Hancock) and Goon comedian Spike Milligan had established Associated London Scripts (A.L.S.), an institution described by June Barry as 'a hot bed of writers, many of whom had offices in the house which they rented out to use whenever they wanted to get away from home or from the studios.'

A.L.S. afforded Whitaker a groundswell of proven Television writers, many with a wide experience of writing science fiction. It is interesting to note that of the fourteen scripts Whitaker eventually commissioned for *Doctor Who*, no less than nine of them hailed from the pens of A.L.S. writers, with himself writing a further three.



Interesting too is the web of connections with *Doctor Who*'s 'Godfather'. Dennis Spooner, John Lucarotti and Bill Strutton were veterans of *The Avengers*, a Sydney Newman creation. Malcolm Hulke was a creator of *Pathfinders*, while Terry Nation, a close friend of Dennis Spooner, had contributed a sf script to ABC TV for a series called *Out of this World*, script-edited by Irene Shubik, soon to be brought to the BBC herself by Sydney Newman to helm his adult science fiction anthology series *Out of the Unknown*, destined for the new channel, BBC 2.

One name conspicuous by its absence was that of Nigel Kneale, whom Whitaker contacted very early on. Kneale read the synopsis but felt the format too whimsical to fit his much grimmer style of writing. Teaching history or science to children was, he felt, just not his style.

Right from the very start Whitaker defined the structure of *Doctor Who* as alternating stories between past and future. A historical adventure would be followed by a science fiction tale, then by another historical, and so on.

Interpreting Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson's ideas literally, Whitaker asked each of his 'historical' authors to include sequences with famous figures of the past: Nero, Napoleon, Marco Polo and so on. Of the science fiction writers he asked that each serial should explore and extrapolate on a known scientific or cultural theme, such as nuclear war, doppler imaging or xenophobia. Even the quest for fire, an element of nature taken for granted in the twentieth century, Whitaker felt could be held up as an artifact of wonder through the medium of *Doctor Who*.

For this reason David Whitaker chose the harnessing of fire by Neanderthal man as the subject for the first adventure. It seemed to blend best Newman's two dictates for the show. The abrupt transition from 1963 London to the Paleolithic era would emphasise the Doctor's time-travelling capabilities, while the sub-plot of making fire, crucial to the narrative, would bring home to the audience the key to the human race's survival made by its 'discovery'.

As the Spring of 1963 gave way to Summer, one priority became uppermost in Whitaker's mind – to get one script of each type of *Doctor Who* story together as soon as possible. This would have two benefits. Firstly it would demonstrate to prospective freelance writers the type of material required. Secondly, and most important, it would lay the foundation stones of the series from which the myth could be built. Placing great importance on this latter aspect Whitaker decided the first two scripts should be written by the same author, who would thus maintain an overall series continuity. For this reason, and realising it would need to be a writer based at the BBC with whom he could work closely, David Whitaker, on Donald Wilson's recommendation, selected Anthony Coburn.

Anthony Coburn got the commission to write the first story by a notable stroke of good fortune. Some years beforehand the Writer's Guild of Great Britain (a kind of trade union for authors)

had been in correspondence with its opposite number in Australia. Concerned by their distinct lack of success in 'culturally acceptable mass media writing', the Australians had turned to Britain for tutoring. Eventually an agreement was fixed whereby budding Australian authors could come to Britain and learn from their peers the art and craft of writing for stage, screen and Television. In return, it was promised, British writers would find no problems getting work permits 'down under'.

Throughout the Sixties many Australian writers made the pilgrimage to England, with Anthony Coburn and Bill Strutton being just two of them who landed on the steps of A.L.S.

Whitaker, a committed and active Guild member, recognised in Coburn a considerable talent and so offered him the not insubstantial opportunity to shape a BBC drama series from grass roots, by writing its pilot.

Coburn wrote his first four part storyline in two sections, starting with the quest for fire plot, which he named 'The Tribe of Gum' before going back to the very first episode, which had to be a more collaborative effort with the Script-Editor and the Producers. At the time of Coburn's first draft little was settled either on the casting front or on the design aspects of the Doctor's space/time machine – key factors as they were greatly dependent on the size of the budget which would be allocated the show.

Ultimately, a figure of £2,500 per episode was fixed by the planners, a result which had as much effect on the script side as it did on the production values.

In his guidelines, Sydney Newman had recommended between four and six episodes as ideal for each *Doctor Who* serial. Any longer than an absolute maximum of six, he argued, would run the risk of not being able to recapture viewers lost to an unpopular first episode.

Following this brief, Whitaker had gone ahead commissioning a crop of four part stories to make up the twelve shows needed to keep *Doctor Who* on air for forty-eight weeks – one year in BBC terms, allowing for Christmas, sports events and other potential breaks.

The stated budget, however, meant some drastic rethinking. Estimates to design all the elaborate sets, costumes and props for the science fiction shows were coming in, and they were not cheap. Even the historical travelogues, with their resource to tap existing stocks of costumes and sets, were not proving that great as money savers. Something had to go.

Eventual casualties were principles and scripts. Desirable though the four parters might be story-wise, both Whitaker and Verity Lambert recognised the expense overheads in having so many 'first nights' (i.e. new serials with new props, sets, cast, etc.). In monetary terms it made a lot more sense to extend episode numbers within a serial, thereby getting more television hours with fewer changes in location.

The full quota of how many and whose scripts went west in this rethink will probably never be known. The only title officially identified as having been lost was Malcolm Hulke's teleplay, 'The

OVERLEAF:

The first crewmembers of the TARDIS: the Doctor (William Hartnell) and Susan (Carole Ann Ford) and their two human companions Ian (William Russell) and Barbara (Jacqueline Hill).





Hidden Planet', which explored the idea of Earth having an identical twin diametrically opposite on the far side of the Sun. For *Doctor Who* this was a sad loss. Not only was it a loss to the series of Malcolm Hulke for a good many years, it was also a nail in the coffin of the show's bid to be genuinely educative.

Several of the remaining stories needed the grafting of an extra episode – a move ultimately contributory towards the whole shift in emphasis *Doctor Who* underwent before it even reached the TV screens.

Coburn's first story, however, was kept inviolate. It had to be, if only succinctly to show the BBC and, later, the audience at home, what the series was all about.

David Whitaker devised the balance of the four main characters, drawing, perhaps predictably, from the literature close to his heart. Hero of the series would be Ian Chesterton, an everyday individual catapulted, like Richard Hannay in *The Thirty Nine Steps*, from suburban normality into a fight for survival, armed only with wits, ingenuity and physical prowess. Like Hannay, Chesterton would adapt quickly to the strangeness of his new environment, evolving into a pillar of strength on whom the audience knew they could depend in times of crisis.

In Whitaker's character brief to writers, Ian was stipulated as being a teacher of applied science, a 27-year-old graduate from an English 'red brick' university on whom the Doctor's teenage companion might have a crush. He would be a good physical specimen, a gymnast, dexterous with his hands and patient enough to deal with the Doctor in his irascible moods. He would occasionally clash with the Doctor on decisions, but would be able to make intelligent enquiry and bring sound common sense to bear in moments of stress.

Perhaps not a million miles from Hannay's unwilling female companion in *The Thirty Nine Steps* was Barbara Wright, the human element in the series. Whereas Ian would be resourceful and brave, Barbara would be the voice of reason, relating their experiences in human terms. She would stoically accept her role as a prisoner in space, coming to terms with it as Whitaker believed any balanced individual would do.

Whitaker's notes refer to Barbara as 'an attractive 23-year-old history teacher, timid, but capable of sudden courage'. There was no initial prospect of romance between her and Ian, but it was suggested her admiration for the man would sometimes lead to under-currents of antagonism between her and Susan.

In formulating the Doctor, Whitaker drew on literature's most famous detective, Sherlock Holmes. Conan Doyle's celebrated creation had never been fully explained in the books, the ploy of writing the novels from Doctor Watson's perspective avoiding any need to explain or qualify Holmes's astonishing brilliance and motivation.

This, in similar vein, was what David Whitaker wanted for the Doctor. Newman's guidelines had advised 'old, crotchety, senile but brilliant' for the personality. Whitaker added, and stressed, the qualities of enigma, mystery and remoteness. People would

marvel at his cleverness, but they would never understand the person beneath it. In Whitaker's eyes the suffix *Who* in the Doctor's title would refer to mystery rather than amnesia.

The fourth member of the party, Newman had said, should be a teenage girl from the Doctor's home planet – a modern figure identifiable to the younger age-group *Doctor Who* was hoping to attract. This role was initially left somewhat vague until Anthony Coburn advanced the suggestion she should be the Doctor's granddaughter. Whitaker considered this notion and approved its inclusion in the script.

Between them, Whitaker and Coburn devised the first episode's opening in an English school. Susan had persuaded her grandfather to let her spend some time in this era to gain an appreciation of its customs and opportunities. However, being an alien, her astonishing depths of knowledge in some spheres, coupled with incredible ignorance in others, would be the trigger to launch Ian and Barbara on their quest to discover the truth about her.

Reportedly Coburn also advanced the name TARDIS to represent the bridge between how the ship would appear on the outside, and its size inside, namely Time And Relative Dimensions In Space – a neat piece of apocrypha to side-step explaining the revolutionary media sf concept of not having the space-ship's interior at all resemble its exterior.

Having fleshed out the frames of the characters, Whitaker virtually gave Coburn a free hand in his teleplay, needing to concentrate instead on the vast amount of work involved in reshaping the series with the loss or deferment of so many storylines.

Foremost among his worries was a storyline from a writer initially recommended to him by Dennis Spooner – Terry Nation. After first of all declining to write for the series, Nation eventually agreed after a row with his former employer, comedian Tony Hancock, left him with no income to pay for a central heating system he was having installed at home.

But, as things transpired, it was Nation's eventual storyline, initially titled 'The Mutants' that was to set the seal on the way the science fiction stories would be handled within *Doctor Who*'s structure.

Although happy at first with the series concept as handed to him by Donald Wilson, David Whitaker's under-lying love for 'ripping yarn' storytelling was threatening to draw him into conflict with Newman's wish to present educative and allegorical discussion of social issues within the show's framework. Matters came to a head when Anthony Coburn delivered his second storyline, a science fiction adventure set on thirtieth-century Earth, titled simply 'The Robots'.

At this time in the planet's history the human race had become extinct, having perished by some global catastrophic, and had been succeeded by their immortal robot servants. These highly intelligent androids, perfect except for their total inability to think creatively, had devised a super robot which they intended should

lead them. However, no sooner had they built such a machine than they recognised in it the inherent dangers of a heartless device capable of original thought. Accepting the only logical course of action the robots had shut down the machine, even though it meant they too sank into inertia as a consequence.

Into this situation would arrive the time-travellers who, not knowing the reason behind the world's stagnation, would re-activate first the robots and then the machine, learning to their cost that heartless, electronic megalomania is infinitely worse than emotion-based megalomania.

The standpoint of Coburn's story was an extrapolation of machine intelligence, written at a time when computers were only just beginning to encroach into the commercial environment of Britain.

It was an intelligent, thought-provoking script, but in Whitaker's eyes it just did not work. The vital ingredient of popular appeal was not there despite several bids to rejig the story. Comparing it with Nation's material produced a no-contest winner.

The aftermath of Whitaker junking 'The Robots' in favour of 'The Mutants' as the sf showpiece story will probably never be known, particularly as both writers are now dead. What is noticeable, however, is that Anthony Coburn never wrote for the series again after 'The Tribe of Gum', and even on that story he did none of the rewriting which followed the less-than-successful screening of the pilot episode to BBC Department heads.

However, while 'The Robots' did little to galvanise Whitaker's enthusiasm, Terry Nation's story certainly did. It was only the third script to be completed (Coburn's 'The Tribe of Gum' serial, retitled 'Doctor Who and 100,000 BC', and John Lucarotti's 'Journey to Cathay' preceding it), but at once Whitaker felt he had found the right niche for *Doctor Who's* presentation of science fiction. 'The Mutants' later to be renamed 'The Daleks', was a morality play, but with the moral element very much left of the centre stage which belonged, quite rightly he felt, to a straightforward clash between good and evil.

What attracted Whitaker greatly to 'The Daleks' was the mythology aspect of the story. Throughout the script were continual references to the history of Skaro, the background of the Thals, the evolution of the Daleks and the strangeness of their world. Like the Greek and Egyptian legends of old, here was material to fire the imagination of writer, reader and viewer alike – broad in its scope and with a fine attention to detail. Terry Nation had succeeded in carving a foreign world every bit as believable as Lucarotti's carefully researched account of life in twelfth-century Cathay.

When, later, 'The Daleks' took the viewing public by storm David Whitaker contributed every bit as much as Terry Nation to the wave of Dalekmania which threatened to overwhelm the toyshops, book counters, newspaper stands, cinema aisles and theatre seats of Great Britain.

His passionate belief in the strength of the *Doctor Who* ethos saw

The Dalek comic strip from TV21 which David Whitaker scripted between 1965 and 1966. The strip concluded with the Daleks discovering Earth's location, thereby acting as a prequel for the TV story 'The Dalek Invasion of Earth'.

Dedication

'I think that if I live to be ninety, a little of the magic of *Doctor Who* will still cling to me'

William Hartnell,
the Original Doctor
1908–1975

This book is dedicated to Sydney Newman and to the memory of David Whitaker and William Hartnell – the Man, Myth and Magic of *Doctor Who*.

And also to Paully and Phil: much needed islands of sanity and insanity.

him extending its repertoire into a whole range of media. He wrote two novels for Frederick Muller Ltd based on the series, and the very first *Doctor Who* annual for World Distributors. He co-authored the first Dalek movie, and wrote dialogue for the second virtually single-handedly. He penned the 1964 stage play, *Curse of the Daleks*, and spent two years writing all the back page Dalek comic strips for *TV 21*, only to see much of the credit for all the above going – with the royalties – to Terry Nation. As a BBC employee, Whitaker could only receive his monthly salary. Anything he pioneered, created or evolved for the series, up to his resignation from the BBC in 1964, was owned lock, stock and barrel by the Corporation.

Despite living virtually in the shadow of Terry Nation all through his *Doctor Who* career, Whitaker was the natural choice when Gerry Davis and Sydney Newman came to revise the Doctor's character for Patrick Troughton in 1966. Newman especially had faith in Whitaker as the ideal weaver of *Doctor Who* stories. As June Barry sums up:

'David crafted and shaped *Doctor Who*. Sydney and Donald evolved the frame, but the myth came from him.

'He worked harder on the show than anyone else, steering many of the writers he brought into *Doctor Who*. And he created far more than he is ever given credit for . . .'



THE KEYS OF MARINUS

The Cusick Stories
Serial 'E'

Synopsis: The many continents of the planet Marinus are the settings for this six part adventure as the Doctor's party find themselves on a quest to locate the missing keys to the Conscience of Marinus.

The TARDIS lands on the shores of an island surrounded by a sea of acid. At the island's summit is the magnificent pyramid which houses the Conscience Machine – a massive artifact built centuries ago to bring peace to this once-troubled world. The machine works by erasing emotions from the minds of the peoples of Marinus, substituting tranquillity and calm for aggression and greed. Recently, however, its power has been waning.

The black masked Voord, led by the power-hungry Yartek, have taken advantage of the machine's weakening energies to develop an Immuniser. Now they are intent upon capturing the Conscience to use its influence for their own ends.

All this the Doctor and his group learn from the aged Keeper of the Conscience, Arbitan. He further explains that before the machine can be operated five micro-circuit keys must be in place.

OVERLEAF

The turntable-mounted statue from 'The Keys of Marinus'. Unable to see out the operator inside was responsible for a few unintentional gropes during rehearsals!

Problems with the electric motor caused the mechanism to jam many times.

4 6" OVERALL

Mount on plywood back
with piece of thin co
s. (not a scenery on
studio



Finished A. 100%
- the girl's hat
or green lot of white
glue for hair

* - up to 10
100%
100% to 100%

Elevation

Arm rest



100% to 100%
100% to 100%
100% to 100%

CONSTRUCTION

PAINTERS

ARTISTS

* AS ABOVE * BY DISCUSSION WITH DESIGNER





He has one of them, the remaining four having been scattered over the planet for security. Arbitan persuades the time-travellers to go in search of the keys. With them he can reprogram the Conscience to overcome the Voord's immunisation, and re-establish peace on Marinus.

Arbitan gives each of them a 'Travel Dial', a wrist-watch shaped device that permits instantaneous teleportation to the zones where the keys are hidden. They must recover the keys before the Voord seize the island.

Their first journey is to the stone city of Morphoton – an idyllic civilisation whose inhabitants apparently delight in serving others. However, Barbara is first to discover it is all a façade. A race of brain creatures rules the city, sapping the wills and minds of newcomers until they become witless slaves of the creatures.

Narrowly escaping enslavement Ian, Barbara and Susan, plus Arbitan's daughter Sabetha and her lover Altos, move on to a jungle where the vegetation is hostile. There they recover two keys from the aged scientist Darrius – one a false key, the other real.

A snowy wasteland yields the third key, but only after a desperate struggle with its guardians, the Ice Soldiers.

The fourth key proves the most difficult to locate. Reunited with the Doctor in the capital city of Millenius, Ian finds himself facing a charge of murder amidst a civilisation believing a defendant guilty until proven innocent. Only after a web of intrigue has been broken are the true culprits revealed.

On their return to the Conscience Island the travellers find the Voord in control, and Arbitan dead. Yartek himself is now the Keeper and by various threats and deceptions he prises the keys from them. Too late Yartek discovers one key to be the fake one. The Conscience is destroyed. From now on the people of Marinus must find their own answers.

Background: The sheer number of sets required per week made this story something of a Designer's nightmare for Raymond Cusick. Each episode brought with it a succession of new sets and new working constraints.

Part One was the most complex episode – requiring an alien beach set, the exteriors and interiors of a majestic pyramid, full size midget submarine props, a set of working miniatures, inlay shots, plus a full-size rendition of the Conscience Machine.

As with most of the *Doctor Who* stories of this period, the job of building all the special hardware and models was farmed out to the *Shawcraft* firm of prop-builders.

The other episodes were slightly easier insofar that some of the 'flats' (the walls of a set) could come from stock held at the BBC. But even here, problems arose. Proposing to use a set of stock 'rock walls' for the caves in the 'Snows of Terror' episode, Cusick discovered too late they were in fact 'stone walls', thereby requiring very, very low key lighting throughout the episode to disguise this blatant fact.

Low-key lighting and black drapes also disguised the absence of budget sufficient to afford a full set for the Brain Creatures seen in

PREVIOUS PAGES:
The murder of Arbitan,
Keeper of the Conscience of
Marinus (George Coulouris).

the episode 'The Velvet Web'. However, as Cusick maintained, once the audience had seen people coming and going through a stone doorway they would subconsciously assume the rest of the set to be stone as well.

Also from stock came many of the set dressings, including one latticed wall divider used in virtually every episode for a different function.

Strangely, for a *Doctor Who* story, the alien villains of the piece, the Voord, were seen only in Episode One and in half of Episode Six. Costume Supervisor Daphne Dare designed their appearance, basing their shape on a standard skin-diver's wet suit. The masks, however, were specially constructed – made from heavy-duty, vulcanised rubber and fitted by stretching them over the actors' heads so that they clamped underneath the nose and at the back of the crown.

An aspect of this story was the total absence of the Doctor from Episodes Three and Four. This stemmed from a need to give the regular cast holidays during the otherwise punishing year-long recording schedule. Throughout the Sixties various means were employed to give the cast time off, though not normally for longer than one week at a time. In 'The Aztecs' Susan appears only briefly in a filmed insert during Part Three. Similarly, in Part Two of 'The Reign of Terror' one filmed insert disguises William Russell's absence that week. And in Part Four of 'The Dalek Invasion of Earth' the back view of 'actor's double' Edmund Warwick substitutes for William Hartnell's presence in that episode.

Stock film of snowy wastelands, blizzard conditions, howling wolves, etc. enhanced the setting for the 'Snows of Terror' episode. Buying the rights to use a section from a feature film, or even an off-cut from a film, was, and remains, a standard practice open to Directors confined by the limits of budgeting. At around £5 per foot in 1964 it was not considered too expensive.

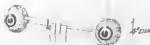
Barbara encounters the hideous Brain Creatures of Morphoton.





4 COPPER DISCS 1 1/2" DIA WITH SPIRAL WIRE ATTACHED, ALL COPPER FINISH 4/OFF

① COPPER DISCS - 4/OFF



HALF 8 AM BLACK

WIRE LEADS

BATTERY & SWITCH

PAIR OF FROG-LIKE BLOODSHOT EYE BALLS, APPROX 4" DIA., TO LIGHT UP FROM INSIDE

② PAIR OF EYES - 1/OFF



BRAIN TO FLUORESCENT LIGHT UP FROM INSIDE

If possible, the eyes of brain should drop after the glow comes has been smashed

POLISHED METAL BASE

Approx 2\"/>

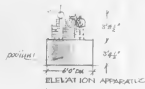
CONSTRUCTION

PAINTERS

ARTISTS

As above, and as with the main body

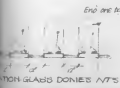
"MAR. 64" V.T.R. 27th MAR 64 Designer Raymond P. L. Wink



GLASS DOME 5'0" OFF
ACCESS by pulps B.B.D.



Notes:
1. 1st floor
2. 2nd floor
3. 3rd floor
4. 4th floor
5. 5th floor
6. 6th floor
7. 7th floor
8. 8th floor
9. 9th floor
10. 10th floor



STOCK

DESIGN DEPARTMENT	
PROJECT NO.	DATE
NO. OF SHEETS	SHEET
DESCRIPTION	
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APPROVED	
DESIGNED BY	
DRAWN BY	
CHECKED BY	
DATE	
BY	
FOR	

10/2/63

DR: WHO'S?

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Production Credits

Serial 'E'
Six Episodes
Black and White

'The Sea of Death'	11 April 1964
'The Velvet Web'	18 April 1964
'The Screaming Jungle'	25 April 1964
'The Snows of Terror'	2 May 1964
'Sentence of Death'	9 May 1964
'The Keys of Marinus'	16 May 1964

Cast

Doctor Who	William Hartnell
Ian Chesterton	William Russell
Barbara Wright	Jacqueline Hill
Susan Foreman	Carole Ann Ford

Arbitan	George Coulouris
Arbitan's Double	John Beerbohm
Altos	Robin Phillips
Sabetha	Katherine Schofield
Voice of Morpho	Heron Carvic
Ladies in Waiting	Faith Hines, Daphne Thomas, Veronica Thornton, Sharon Young, Lynda Taylor

Darrius	Edmund Warwick
Idol	Bob Haddow
Hatchetman	Martin Cort
Vasor	Francis De Wolff
Ice Soldier	Michael Allaby
Ice Soldiers	Anthony Verner, Alan James, Peter Stenson

Eprin	Dougie Dean
Tarron	Henley Thomas
Larn	Michael Allaby
Senior Judge	Raf De La Torre
First Judge	Alan James
Second Judge	Peter Stenson
Kala	Fiona Walker
Aydan	Martin Cort
Eyesen	Donald Pickering
Guard	Alan James
Yartek	Stephen Dartnell
Voord	Martin Cort, Peter Stenson, Gordon Wales

Crew

Production Assistant
Assistant Floor Manager
Costume Supervisor
Make-up Supervisor
Incidental Music
Story Editor
Designer
Associate Producer
Producer
Director

David Conroy
Timothy Combe
Daphne Dare
Jill Summers
Norman Kay
David Whitaker
Raymond Cusick
Mervyn Pinfield
Verity Lambert
John Gorrie





THE SENSORITES

The Cusick Stories
Serial 'G'

Synopsis: The spectre of warfare fought through the mind looms up before the Doctor and his friends as they swap the bright illumination of the TARDIS for the dark, claustrophobic interior of an orbiting space rocket.

At first the companions think they have stumbled across a dead ship; the crew lies slumped over the flight deck controls, their heartbeats non-existent. Remarkably, though, the condition of the pilots – a man, Maitland, and a woman, Carol – proves only temporary. With a little help from the time-travellers they wake to full consciousness, explaining their former state as a catatonic trance induced by the inhabitants of the world they are orbiting, the Sensorites.

The Sensorites, it transpires, are a race of telepaths adept in the control of the mind. Ever since his ship approached this world – the Sense-Sphere – Maitland's crew have been subjected to telepathic assault, a process which has sent the vessel's mineralogist quite mad.

The Doctor's party are drawn unwillingly into this conflict on

Unmasked for rehearsals, the Sensorite leaders debate the arrival of their visitors.

discovering someone, or something, has removed the lock of the TARDIS – effectively stranding them aboard the rocket. Attempts to pilot the craft prove useless. The Sensorites' combined power of illusion is great enough to swamp even the Doctor's deductive abilities.

A sensitive herself, Susan is first to feel the bids by the Sensorites to make telepathic contact. They want a meeting, they intimate, and are boarding for that purpose now.

Confrontation with the two envoys is very eye-opening. Despite their gift as mental giants, the Sensorites are physically quite innocuous – small, corpulent and soft-spoken, they have extreme aversions to loud noise and darkness. These weaknesses the Doctor ruthlessly exploits in a bid to regain his lock. But the two 'warriors' explain that ever since the first Earth party came to the Sense-Sphere years ago, repaying kindness with treachery in a bid to seize control of the planet's rich stocks of the metal molybdenum, all humans are now made permanent prisoners. The Sensorites are pacifists and so cannot kill.

The Doctor, Ian, Susan and Carol travel down to the Sense-

Infuriated by the Sensorites' impertinence, the Doctor tells them exactly why they are going to return the lock of his TARDIS!



Sphere capital, with John, whom the Sensorites have offered to cure, to meet the rulers and to try and negotiate a settlement of their differences.

Though greeted with courtesy and politeness by the First and Second Elders, the intrusion of more humans onto the Sense-Sphere is covertly opposed by the City Administrator.

Ian falls victim to a disease which, for a long time, has been killing the Sensorites and which the Doctor traces to the city's water supply. Venturing into the city's underground reservoirs the Doctor finds clumps of Deadly Nightshade growing, and also a party of human survivors from the first expedition.

Led by a madman, the humans have been poisoning the water supply. With help from Susan and a recovered Ian the renegades are caught. With the wily Administrator also arrested for treason the First Elder agrees to release both the TARDIS and Maitland's ship – on condition no further human expeditions will journey to the Sense-Sphere . . .



Background: Written up by playwright Peter R. Newman, this story was David Whitaker's own inspiration, aiming to show that not all the alien races in the Universe were hostile killers like the Voord and the Daleks.

In consultation with Associate Producer Mervyn Pinfield, who would direct the first four episodes, Whitaker won an agreement that everything should be done to portray the Sensorites as timid, sympathetic creatures, leaving true villainy to the beast present, if mostly dormant, in the hearts of men.

Accepting this brief, Costume and Make-up Supervisors Daphne Dare and Jill Summers designed the Sensorites precisely to suggest all the above.

The fabric masks were built over an underskull frame. With no-one at the BBC at that time skilled enough in working latex rubber the masks were solid, ie: the mouths, cheeks, noses and eyes did not move. Nevertheless, by not extending the underskull over the chin, and by covering the lower part of the mask fabric in hair, enough jaw movement was permitted for the actors to convey speech with some realism.

The shape of the masks was crafted to suggest a combination of 'wise old man' with cat-like timidity, the former emphasised by the size of their skulls plus strands of wispy hair and beards, the latter by the feline expressions sculpted onto the faces, each one of which was different.

On the costume side the addition of 'Mickey Mouse' feet strove to give them both an alien and a slightly comic appearance, again emphasising the points Whitaker wanted stressed from the script about these quizzical little xenophobics.

In casting the Sensorites Mervyn Pinfield went deliberately for older, more rotund actors. An unlikely choice, many would have thought, was comedian Peter Glaze to play the role of the evil City Administrator. As it turned out the selection of Glaze (who later played a comic Doctor in a Christmas pantomime for the children's variety show *Crackerjack*) proved inspired. Even on his death, nearly twenty years later, the obituaries did not forget Glaze's role in *Doctor Who*.

Episodes Four and Five saw the turn of Jacqueline Hill (Barbara) to take a fortnight's holiday – her character being conveniently left aboard the space-craft, the sets of which are not seen again after Part Three.

While the story experienced no hiccups in production, it did cause something of a furore on its first transmission in the UK. Due to the over-running of the Wimbledon Women's Singles tennis final on 4 July, the BBC elected to postpone Episode Three until the following weekend. Reportedly the BBC switchboards were jammed with complaints most of that Saturday evening.



Production Credits

Serial 'G'
Six Episodes
Black and White

'Strangers in Space'	20 June 1964
'The Unwilling Warriors'	27 June 1964
'Hidden Danger'	11 July 1964
'Race Against Death'	18 July 1964
'Kidnap'	25 July 1964
'A Desperate Venture'	1 August 1964

Cast

Doctor Who	William Hartnell
Ian Chesterton	William Russell
Barbara Wright	Jacqueline Hill
Susan Foreman	Carole Ann Ford

John

Captain Maitland	Stephen Dartnell
Carol Richmond	Lorne Cossette
First Sensorite	Ilona Rodgers
Second Sensorite	Ken Tyllsen
Third Sensorite	Joe Greig
Fourth Sensorite	Peter Glaze
First Elder	Arthur Newall
Second Elder	Eric Francis
Commander	Bartlett Mullins
First Human	John Bailey
Second Human	Martyn Huntley
Other Sensorites	Giles Phibbs
	Anthony Rogers
	Gerry Martin

Crew

Production Assistant	David Conroy
Assistant Floor Manager	Valerie McCrimmon
Costume Supervisor	Daphne Dare
Make-up Supervisor	Jill Summers
Incidental Music	Norman Kay
Story Editor	David Whitaker
Designer	Raymond P. Cusick
Associate Producer	Mervyn Pinfield
Producer	Verity Lambert
Director (1, 2, 3, 4)	Mervyn Pinfield
Director (5, 6)	Frank Cox





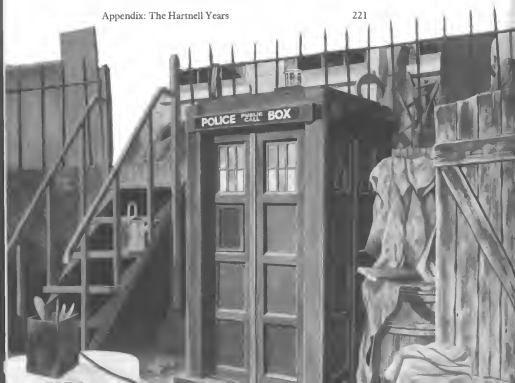
DANGEROUS JOURNEY

NOT GIFTED as a mind reader, Verity Lambert's initial reaction to Sydney Newman's offer to produce *Doctor Who* was one of puzzlement. With ABC she had, in several capacities, worked on a great variety of shows – light entertainment, quiz programmes, music and arts broadcasts – but never once with anything for children. Yet here she was, on the top floor of the BBC's Television Centre, being asked to shape a new serial designed to appeal to the one audience bracket of which she had no understanding.

Only as discussions settled down to specifics did some of the reasoning become clear. Sydney Newman wanted an extension of the 'kitchen sink' drama approach he had evolved to such critical acclaim with *Armchair Theatre*, one production with which Verity Lambert was well acquainted. The BBC's Children's Department, Newman felt, was still catering for only a small proportion of the nation's youngsters: the ordered few for whom parents bought *Look & Learn*, *The Eagle* or maybe even *Hotspur*. *Doctor Who* would tempt those, but more importantly also the uncatered-for

Verity Lambert, the first producer of *Doctor Who* and today one of the most successful producers in the country.

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majority who revelled in *Buster*, *Valiant* or the directly derivative *TV Comic*. As a bright and promising student of *Armchair Theatre* Sydney Newman felt Verity Lambert was right for the Producer's post, in spite of her distinct lack of years, being only twenty-seven at the time of her appointment.

Considering this inexperience, plus Verity Lambert's dearth of knowledge of TV technology and internal BBC procedures, Donald Wilson bestowed upon her a guardian in the guise of Mervyn Pinfield, who would be *Doctor Who's* technical adviser under a job title of Associate Producer.

Pinfield's work in television prior to *Doctor Who* had been extensive. Very technically minded, he had been instrumental in training a lot of young Directors and PAs in the art of using the television medium to its fullest extent. For the last few years Pinfield had been based with the Langham Group, a somewhat elitist special projects body under Anthony Pellisier charged with producing very experimental forms of drama – using techniques like inlay, overlay and split screening; for example, matting caption slide backgrounds over black drape stages. It was at the Langham studios (a BBC premises near Broadcasting House) that Mervyn Pinfield and his team hit upon the idea of pointing a video camera at its own monitor and recording the resulting 'visual feedback' (howlaround). Part of the test film they shot from these sessions (a sequence of 'rushing clouds') went into the *Doctor Who* opening title graphics, again devised by Pinfield in association with Bernard Lodge of the Graphics Unit.

(Pinfield's most remembered invention for the BBC was the Teleprompter, an easel-mounted, hand-wound scroll which bore the text read by Sports Commentators, Newsreaders and Announcers in lieu of the script. Originally titled the 'Piniprompter' the device, now termed an 'Autocue', is in use worldwide. However, being a BBC staff employee like David Whitaker, Pinfield could claim none of the potentially huge royalties due normally from such an invention.)

Mervyn Pinfield's role as Associate Producer on *Doctor Who* was agreed to be mostly in an advisory capacity. Verity Lambert would have artistic control over, and generally the casting vote in any decisions about, the programme. Pinfield would be on hand to guide her as she learned the job of producing, and to recommend ways of realising on screen any technical requirements raised in the scripts. For instance: how does one convey to an audience the notion of a ship travelling in time?

As tools to begin her new job, Sydney Newman handed Verity Lambert two documents. The first was the series format, the second was the results of a study undertaken by Cambridge University into children's perceptions of Television, as assessed from Newman's previous science fiction outing, *Pathfinders in Space*. Both proved to be valuable direction pointers.

'The format very cleverly set up those four characters to perform certain dramatic functions that were very useful for us,' says Verity Lambert. 'The Doctor was irascible, unpredictable and, as Sydney pointed out to me, his character would be very





useful if something started to get boring in a script. If that happened, or you started to get bogged down in an episode, you could always use the Doctor as a diversion. You see, it was entirely within his character to create a situation of interest either by being excessively cantankerous as an old man, or by exhibiting his somewhat childish traits.

'The Cambridge University report I read with great interest because I had no understanding of children, not having any of my own. The one thing I remember taking from that report was the recommendation about how one should present drama to children; that you don't patronise, you don't talk down. Children are as perceptive as adults really, it's just that their perception is slightly different and so there are certain things you don't deal with.

'By the time I'd finished reading the report I was fairly confident that if I, as an adult, accepted what was on that screen as being right, valid and interesting, then it would be the same for a child – provided I took out any excessive sexuality and violence. My brief was to work for 8 to 14-year-olds, the group examined in the report, not younger children where there are different problems in conveying drama.'

The limits *Doctor Who* would go in presenting 'real life drama' Verity Lambert worked out with David Whitaker once the two began collaborating on story content. An early rule-of-thumb was to avoid any extremes of emotional behaviour. Extemporised hate would not be covered, nor would the tragedy of loss. At the other end of the scale, romantic interest would only exist at a very superficial level, and certainly there would be no question of relationships forming between the TARDIS incumbents. This had to be so, Verity Lambert maintained, because of all the other elements covered in the show:

'I didn't consider overt romantic interest because *Doctor Who* was an adventure story. Also it had to be a means by which children could assimilate knowledge through watching these serials, particularly the ones set in the past.'

The cavemen story was finished and ready in script form by the time Verity Lambert arrived at the BBC, the only change from the format she had read being the shift of Susan into the role of granddaughter to the Doctor. This was at Anthony Coburn's insistence, who felt there was something 'not quite right' about an unspoken-for teenage girl travelling about the Universe with an old man. Initially Verity Lambert was resistant to this change, only in retrospect agreeing this gave Susan's character greater depth than otherwise might have been possible:

'I found it very difficult to judge that first script. I think, because I had been working on *Armchair Theatre*, I was used to a certain style of drama, so when I saw the first *Doctor Who* script my first reaction was, after the first half hour, all we were left with was a lot of hairy-chested cavemen jumping around, grunting and going "Ug". Probably had I been there at the point of commissioning I would not have chosen that story. I thought it was a very difficult and dangerous one for us to start out with. It's very hard to invest reality into people running around with clubs

making funny noises. I think we were lucky to get away with it, and lucky to get a Director like Waris Hussein who managed to create this very strange quality in the cavemen that made them so interesting.'

A lot of Verity Lambert's involvement at ABC TV had been in the realm of scripts, hence in their early days together she and David Whitaker worked very closely in the selecting of *Doctor Who* stories and the nature of their content. Between four and six episodes was Verity Lambert's ideal length for a story, preferring the latter as it gave more opportunity for character development which, in her belief, audiences appreciated.

The problems encountered on the cavemen story prefaced the decision to drop Anthony Coburn's second story, 'The Robots'. *Doctor Who* demanded a certain style of writing which, in the eyes of the Production Office, the second script just did not contain.

'Tony was an exceedingly good writer, but he was not naturally a *Doctor Who* writer, and I think David felt that too. There were a lot of arguments about those first four half hours where I think it became apparent that Tony wanted to write a different type of series to the one David and I wanted. That became even more apparent when the second script came in, and so we had to drop it. In many ways that does tend to be a common occurrence on new shows when nobody has yet seen the type of programme the Producer and Story Editor have in mind.'

The push to get the first story into the can proved a very tough course indeed, especially for a fledgling Producer used to the more singular ways of commercial Television. The BBC, as a corporate body, comprised many departments and divisions, many inter-related and many, frequently, with axes to grind. Almost from its first departmental production meeting *Doctor Who* found itself the target of several wielded axes.

'We weren't liked at all to begin with, especially by the Children's Department who resented the fact that a programme aimed at 8 to 14-year-olds had been given to the Drama Group, and not to them.'

The crux of the rows centred around a belief that Sydney Newman, promoted from ITV into a very senior position and given virtual *carte blanche* to reshape the BBC's drama output, was carrying out his task by bringing in other friends and associates from ITV in place of BBC staff who felt they could equally rise to the challenges. As *Doctor Who* swung into production, envious eyes in the Children's Department studied its apparently lavish costume and set provisions, distinctly convinced that the programme was being made with an inflated budget won at the expense of cutbacks in standard children's output. What none of them chose to believe was *Doctor Who's* initial budget of just £2,500 per episode, and that the lavish costumes and sets for the historical serials were hired out from theatrical costumiers or were hand-me-downs from previous BBC period dramas. Only in one respect was any real money spent on *Doctor Who*, and that was for the TARDIS set in Episode One, the cost of which was spread out anyway throughout the rest of the season.





As other departments, such as Visual Effects, joined in the unofficial boycott of *Doctor Who* (see Chapter Five), Verity Lambert, Mervyn Pinfield and their team had to fall back on ingenuity from their Designers and Directors, plus backing from Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson who both maintained great faith in the prospects of the show. This faith extended to allowing Verity Lambert considerable freedom in choosing her Directors, a key area where selecting the right type of Director was as important as finding the right sort of author.

'Sydney decided that *Doctor Who* should be a place where young people worked. I was a young Producer, and he thought it would be a good training ground for promising up-and-coming Directors as well. He felt that, on the whole, we should aim for people who had come off the BBC training course, who weren't yet ready to tackle major dramas, but who needed to cut their teeth on something demanding. So, with some limitations, I was allowed to choose new Directors whose short training films I'd seen, or who'd maybe done a couple of other jobs in serials, and get them to prove their mettle.

'Waris Hussein was a good example. I think he'd done a few *Compact's* up to then, but he was marvellous. In all I think I only insisted on one cut to anything he did, and that was the fight between the two cavemen in the first story which ended with one of them smashing a rock down on the other's head. You didn't see it, of course, but if I remember correctly, Waris had added to the film the sound effect of a raw cabbage being crushed. I asked him to take that out, but I'm sure that was the only edit I ever insisted on from his work, which otherwise was super.

'Occasionally it was a bit hairy dealing with new Directors who'd just come off the course, so I liked to balance things by including a few established stalwarts, like Christopher Barry, whom I could rely on to be very efficient and get shows together on time. With the first Dalek one, for example, I let Richard Martin, again a new Director, do a few episodes but under the wings of Christopher who set up the serial and so, kind of, held his hand while he eased himself into the role of Director, which was good experience for him. I think Mervyn did the same with Douglas Camfield on the Lilliput story ['Planet of Giants'] we did later.'

27 September 1963 stands as the day the cameras first began rolling to record an episode of *Doctor Who*. This was 'An Unearthly Child', the series opener whose eerie prologue, the camera tracking around the Victorian buttresses and stairwells of the 76 Totter's Lane junkyard, was accompanied by a playing of the full 'I' 18" title music. Composed by Ron Grainer and arranged by Delia Derbyshire and other members of the BBC Radiophonic Workshop, this music started life as an idea in the back of Verity Lambert's mind.

'I wanted something that was melodic but yet didn't sound like any conventional grouping of instruments. In other words, I didn't want anything recognisable used at all. Initially I happened to be

watching a monitor at the BBC on which was an item about a group of French musicians who played their music on glass tubes. It struck me as wonderful stuff, so I got in touch and tried to get them to do the music for *Doctor Who*, but they just didn't have the time.

'So then I had an idea that if I went to a composer who wrote very tuneful music, but asked him to work electronically rather than with instruments, I might end up with what I wanted, which was music the ear could relate to, rather than *musique concrète* which was the other sort of electronic music being done at the time.

'I went to Ron Grainer, who had written themes for programmes like *Maigret* and *Steptoe and Son*, and asked him how he would feel trying to achieve a melody electronically. He jumped at it.

'I can't remember now if the titles came before the music, or the music before the titles. I would tend to think the titles came first as it was usual to show a composer something of what you were envisaging. Interestingly enough, the Monday after the first episode was shown, a film company rang us up to ask how the titles had been done. For me that was vindication for the disagreements I'd had with Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson, both of whom saw the music and titles after they'd been done and said they didn't like them. In fact Sydney said, "You've got to change them", which I refused to do.'

The row over the titles was just one of several run-ins Verity Lambert had with her two department heads in the early months, particularly over the first episode. Strangely enough these stemmed not from any hostility towards *Doctor Who* the concept – all three were thoroughly supportive of the format – only from reservations Wilson and Newman had about the way Verity Lambert and David Whitaker were interpreting their prodigy.

Viewing the pilot episode Newman and Wilson were distinctly unhappy. Not only was production somewhat slipshod – with cameras crashing into scenery, sound effects drowning out voices, etc – but the whole dramatic structure was wrong in their eyes too. Coburn's script stated that Susan came from the forty-ninth century: too precise a reference for a series modelling itself on mystery. The Doctor was heftily criticised for being almost malevolent in his attitude towards the school teachers – too much of William Hartnell's 'hard-nosed' image was shining through. The result was a 'carpeting' for the entire production team and an explicit instruction to go back, do it again, and get it right.

Three weeks on from 27 September, 'An Unearthly Child' was rerecorded, with only the model and film footage being re-used from the pilot. This time around Waris Hussein used a full complement of four cameras instead of the two he had opted to use in the pilot, having expressed a preference then to experiment with 'moving camera technique'.

This version did receive approval and the weekly cycle of episode recording commenced in earnest. But a new row was just around the corner.





Both David Whitaker and Verity Lambert had been captivated by Terry Nation's Dalek story right from the moment they saw the first 'treatment' (story idea). The script was commissioned quickly to replace Coburn's dropped 'The Robots' story and thereby maintain the balance between historical and futuristic adventures, and production was scheduled and slotted to follow on a week later from 'The Tribe of Gum'. A fortnight later Lambert and Whitaker got summoned to the Head of Serials' office to discuss 'The Daleks' . . .

'Donald Wilson hated it. He called David and I in and said he had read the scripts and thought they were terrible. He didn't like the idea, he didn't like the writing . . . In fact he virtually told us we shouldn't do it. David and I then had to tell him we didn't have any choice because at that time there were no other futuristic stories ready. We needed to alternate between the past and the future, and while we had two good historical scripts in, none of the writers David had commissioned had yet produced anything set in the future which we could use.

'However, in fairness to him, after we'd done "The Daleks" and it had been so successful, Donald Wilson said to me, "I clearly don't know anything about this series, and you do, so I'll leave you alone", which was nice of him.'

The first episode of *Doctor Who* was transmitted on Saturday 23 November 1963, a historic day marking also the aftermath of President Kennedy's assassination. So disrupted were the TV schedules that day, with viewers switching between channels to glean the latest news from America, that Verity Lambert won permission to have 'An Unearthly Child' rescreened the following Saturday, before 'The Cave of Skulls' (the story's second episode) to enable more balanced viewer ratings to be established.

Production was mid-way through 'The Daleks' when the first survey results came through. The figures were promising, but not spectacular, and that was all the ammunition the next round of opponents needed to fire a broadside across *Doctor Who's* bows. And this time they almost succeeded . . .

'There was a big wave of resistance to *Doctor Who* all through the BBC after we first went out. Aside from the Children's Department, the Design Department, in the early weeks, were enraged by us; not the Designers themselves, who were absolutely terrific to us, but the people who ran it who were often extremely unhelpful.

'The first episode was very popular, but the show didn't suddenly take off – which any programme doesn't in four weeks. Anyway I was told it had to finish in thirteen weeks. The BBC suddenly decided it wanted to stop *Doctor Who*. I don't know who it was made the decision, I was only a very junior Producer. I was called in and told the show was too expensive and was stretching facilities far too greatly for a children's programme.'

Painstakingly Verity Lambert explained to her superiors the impracticality of a thirteen week, quarter-year season; the four part cavemen story was in the can, the seven part Dalek serial was under way, and they were committed to running 'Marco Polo',

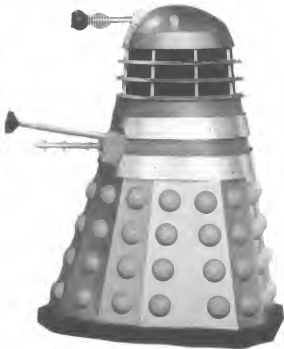
also seven episodes in length, giving a grand total of eighteen weeks in all. Accepting the logic of this situation the matter was held over for further review at a later Department Head meeting. But by that time, history had been made.

'During that interim period *Doctor Who* just took off with the Daleks in a way that none of us could have imagined, and after that there was no more discussion about it coming off the air.

'However, the point is that for quite a long time nobody really wanted to know about *Doctor Who* outside Sydney and Donald. I thought this was quite a plus actually, because we were able to get away with murder during the beginning, in some ways doing things that on paper looked very expensive but in reality balanced out over the year we were scheduled.'

Unquestionably *Doctor Who*'s biggest champions at the BBC were Sydney Newman and Donald Wilson, the former in particular nursing strong personal convictions about the potential power of its semi-educational qualities. The early historical serials, typified by 'Marco Polo', more than lived up to his expectations,

History in the making: the dramatic first appearance of the Daleks in the episode 'The Survivors'. When he first saw the Daleks Sydney Newman was furious, claiming that Lambert had betrayed the whole concept of *Doctor Who*.



drawing much critical praise from school teachers and parents as transmission stimulated children's interest in the periods of history under view.

On the futuristic stories, however, things were vastly different. With the imminent launch of BBC 2 less than six months away Sydney Newman saw little of *Doctor Who* after the pilot episodes had been approved until, at home on a Saturday afternoon, he watched the first episode featuring the Dalek machines. His reaction to them was explosive, and on Monday morning Verity Lambert was hastily summoned to his office. Newman himself recounts what transpired:

"The scene went something like this when I demanded her presence in my office:

Me: "I told you there were to be no bug-eyed monsters in *Doctor Who*."

Verity: "Honestly Sydney, they are not because . . ."

Me: "You've betrayed the whole concept. This is a children's series . . ."

Verity: "Sydney, listen. The Daleks . . ."

Me: "Jesus, bug-eyed monsters, cheap-jade sci-fi rubbish . . . BEMs . . ."

Verity (shouting): "*They are not!* There's a brain inside those metal casings . . ."



'And then Verity explained that these Daleks were so advanced in their technology, that their brains were so large and their bodies so atrophied, they needed the casings to allow them to move. "Uh huh," said I. I was not easily pacified but the show had already been aired.'

Newman's anger eventually subsided, mollified in the main by the overwhelming hit the Daleks made with the public that so proved Verity Lambert and David Whitaker's instincts correct again. Like Donald Wilson before, Newman accepted the strength of the 'Dalek Factor' and agreed to let Verity Lambert handle *Doctor Who* her way after that, even though it meant his sacrificing part of the ideals he had intended the show to represent. With the single exception of 'Planet of Giants' (née 'The Minisculs'), a story Newman virtually insisted be done, no other adventure attempted to couch its storyline within a 'Let's look at the wonders of technology/nature/medicine/etc' learning process. The aliens very definitely had taken over.



The forefronting of the *Doctor Who* monsters, in the wake of the Daleks, was a development which pleased Verity Lambert in that it virtually guaranteed constant press interest in the programme. As each new creature was unveiled so Fleet Street ran copious feature articles, often full page, to highlight what they hoped would be the next 'big thing'. But desirable though all this was, it never detracted from Verity Lambert's basic belief that the underlying strength of the series lay in its four principal artists, all of whom she thought developed the most realistic inter-relationships ever forged in a science fiction series, spearheaded, of course, by William Hartnell's magnetic interpretation of the Doctor.

'I thought William Hartnell played the part marvellously. He got everything into the character that I wanted. He was lovable at times, he was completely irritating at times, he could be quite frightening at times and, above all, which is why I think the kids related to him, he was so totally anti-establishment. Children related to him so much because they saw in him an adult who behaved in the way that they did. He wasn't perfect.'

In rationalising these qualities Verity Lambert saw two of William Hartnell's previous roles which suggested he might be suitable for the character she had in mind. The first was *The Army Game* in which Hartnell played his traditional hard-nut part as Sergeant-Major Bullimore. The second, and less obvious, was Lindsay Anderson's film *This Sporting Life* where Hartnell took the role of an ageing rugby talent scout; a somewhat sad and reflective character who looked back with fondness on his years in the game. Combining these two traits, Verity Lambert felt, would give the Doctor the essential dichotomy between the imperious master of his ship, which the Doctor thought he was, and the quirky, unpredictable old salt, which he truly was. Other candidates for the Doctor included established character actors like Leslie French and Cyril Cusack, either or whom, Lambert concurs, could have interpreted the part as well, albeit differently.



Cyril Cusack for example, on the strength of his previous performances, would have made the Doctor a gentle figure, possibly more in tune with Patrick Troughton's rendering some years later.

'It's very difficult to explain how you cast people because it's really to do with instinct. You just get a feeling that one actor is going to give you that certain something which you're looking for. Bill did, and right from the start he was thrilled by the part. There was no feeling whatsoever that it was a come-down, his doing a programme for children. If anything, he was a little nervous about his ability to sustain so demanding a role for fifty-two weeks.

'William Russell I had always, always liked as an actor. He had been Sir Lancelot, which was a heroic character, but what we wanted with Ian was someone resonant that the public would respond to. Russ looked like a school master, although not quite in the stereotype of a middle class school teacher. He had a sense of humour about him and, I suppose, a kind of lesser quirkiness that made him very natural in the part.

'Jacqueline was the same. I'd known her, and her husband Alan Rakoff, for a long time and as I began searching for someone to play Barbara I just found myself thinking about her. She was intelligent, attractive, but you believed again she could be a school teacher.

'With Susan we auditioned quite a few people before Carole Ann came in. But she was just so bubbly and so vivacious, and she looked so young despite being well over eighteen, that there was something almost right for her in the part. And she could scream as well . . . Ideally we might have preferred a juvenile actress, but with the restrictions on the hours children can work in Television we knew we couldn't do it that way.'

Ironically it was Susan's supposed age of around fifteen that so landed *Doctor Who* in more hot water when the two part 'Edge of Destruction' story went out. Featured in that episode was the infamous sequence where a concussed Susan menaces Ian, and then Barbara, with a pair of sharply-pointed scissors. The repercussions of those scenes served to remind Verity Lambert of her responsibilities as Producer of a show aimed at youngsters.

'The full weight of the Children's Department came down on us for that scene and, in retrospect, I realised I had made a mistake letting that go through. It might have been dubious to have had any of the characters holding the scissors, but because it was the child of the foursome doing it, that made it an even bigger mistake, which I accepted, putting it down totally to inexperience on my behalf. I had to write a letter of apology to the Children's Department about the incident, which hadn't done our already bad standing with them any good at all.'

That was the last of the major rows which seemed to haunt the Production Office throughout its formative first year, but it was a sad indictment that *Doctor Who* never won full respectability as a serious drama programme within the Corporation. For most of its life, and certainly for its early years, it was either too outspoken to be a children's show, but not high-brow enough to be considered

RAYMOND P. CUSICK

NOW A SENIOR Designer for the BBC, Raymond Cusick started his post-graduate career as an art teacher. Seeking more of a challenge in life he became a Designer in Repertory Theatre for three years before applying to join the BBC's Design Department in 1960. He was accepted as a Design Assistant and became a Designer proper in 1962.

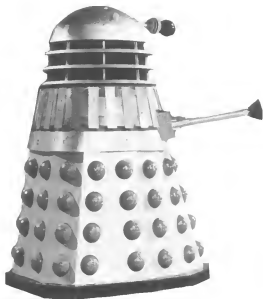
Up until *Doctor Who* entered his life in the Autumn of 1963 he worked on many productions, none of them major, and frequently in the area of Light Entertainment, on shows such as *Sykes* and *Hugh And I*.

Doctor Who came his way almost by accident when he was called upon to replace fellow Designer Ridley Scott, later to direct *Alien*, who had to drop out at the last minute. For the next two years he worked solidly on the programme, sharing the enormous task of designing sets, visual effects and special props in the main with only one other Designer, Barry Newbery.

Due to his position as a BBC staff member Raymond Cusick received none of the millions of pounds in royalties generated in

as adult entertainment. Success was found in a limbo area mid-way between BBC dubiousness and general public enthusiasm.

'I was mainly concerned with making something that children could enjoy and not feel that this was a special programme for them, avoiding all the twee and awful things people normally put into children's programmes. I wanted them to have a programme they could say they watched simply because they liked and enjoyed it.'



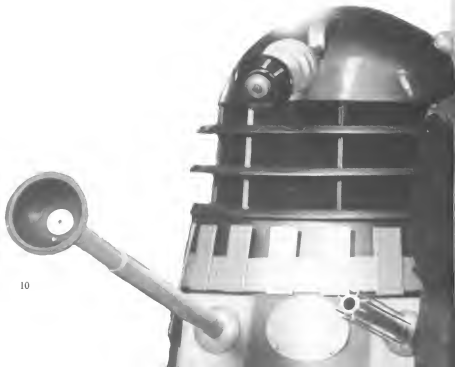
the wake of the Daleks' international success, his sole consolation being a one-off Special Merit payment, even then made only after a hard-fought campaign by his Head of Department.

Raymond Cusick describes himself as a 'drama man' with an interest in history, especially social history and the history of aviation. Since leaving *Doctor Who*, vowing never to return, he has had many opportunities to indulge his interests, working on many highly acclaimed period dramas, such as *The Pallisers*, *The Duchess Of Duke Street*, *The Gathering Seed*, *When The Boat Comes In*, *To Serve Them All My Days* and recently the successful *Miss Marple* series.

Although expressing no preference for science fiction, he has been able to turn his hand to whatever is asked, and his sf output includes the classic 'Get Off My Cloud' episode of *Out Of The Unknown* which, totally by coincidence, featured one of his Daleks and the TARDIS prop.

Together with his wife, Cusick is also the proprietor of a small hotel in South London where he keeps many of the constructional drawings, paintings and props he designed for *Doctor Who* between 1963 and 1966. This book represents first publication of these drawings and paintings, including the blueprints of the sixties' Dalek machine itself. Along with his immense collection of photographs covering the behind-the-scenes making of the stories he worked on, they comprise a unique insight into the very early years of BBC's *Doctor Who* series.

Designer Ray Cusick and 'friends'.







JEREMY BENTHAM

FASCINATED SINCE childhood by the *Doctor Who* television series, Jeremy Bentham was a co-founder of the British Appreciation Society in May 1976 when he used his large collection of *Doctor Who* documentation as the basis for its Reference Department.

He was principal writer for the *Doctor Who Weekly* publication on its launch in 1979, rising eventually to the post of Associate Editor when it turned monthly in 1980.

He has collaborated on several *Doctor Who* books for W.H. Allen over the years, most notably Peter Haining's *Doctor Who: A Celebration*. For the TV show's twentieth anniversary in 1983, he co-organised the British Film Institute's *Doctor Who* weekend at the National Film Theatre in London.

With a declared interest in computers, Jeremy lives in Hendon, North London.

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INTRODUCTION

TELEVISION is the most powerful tool of communication the world has ever known. No other medium, not even a combination of press, radio, cinema and theatre together, enables the few to impart to the many with quite the force, the immediacy, and the popularity of Television.

Once described as 'the flickering eye', the images dancing from the television cathode ray tube are every bit as fascinating as the jewelled pendant swung back and forth by the hand of an experienced hypnotist. Television compels its viewers to pay attention whether they like it or not. Most often situated at the focal point of any room's layout, the constant bombardment of ever-changing light and sound virtually prohibits any other kind of thought-demanding activity while the educating, informing or entertaining process is in motion. With seats usually positioned to face the screen, any casual entrants to a room are given every encouragement to latch their eyes, ears and concentration onto the programmes being screened. And once attention is grabbed the real magic of the spell begins.

Television's greatest power is its power of illusion; to convince the viewer that what they are seeing is real, no matter how fantastic the concept. When a dramatic fight sequence is acted out on screen no thought is given, by the viewer, to the scene's background. The many days the actor spent learning his script are invisible. So too are the endless hours spent arduously rehearsing in church halls. The practice run-throughs, the strict choreography of the action, the careful planning of the Director to ensure safety, all this is lost to the audience at home. All they feel is either revulsion at a particularly violent sequence, or an excited catharsis as the morally wrong are given their due come-uppance.

The key-note to all television drama is suspension of disbelief. That the success rate is almost one hundred per-cent every day is a tribute to the whole structure of television presentation – from the writing of words on a blank sheet of paper, to the transmission of broadcast signals through the air.

Doctor Who needs no introduction to this principle. Indeed, right from its very first episode it has relied upon that elusive quality to convince its audiences that even the most far-fetched adventures are as acceptably believable as any down-to-earth example of *cinéma vérité*.

Of course, if the viewer sits back and thinks about it, any *Doctor Who* episode is absurd. Man has hardly set foot on the Moon, let alone gone voyaging in search of the mythical lost civilisation of the Cybermen. What is presented on screen is a plywood set, lit by studio arc lamps, populated by Equity member actors wearing costumes sewn together by the talents of the Wardrobe Department.

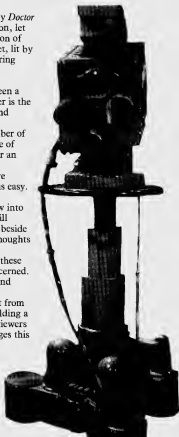
Yet all that is perpetually transparent. Somewhere between a studio stage and the story-weaving imagination of the writer is the middle ground of perception where reality meets fantasy and acceptance is subconsciously defined and agreed.

In *Doctor Who*'s case, this means applying a greater number of mental masks than those required, say, to watch an episode of *Jewel In The Crown*, which, in turn, requires more than for an episode of *Juliet Bravo*.

In the latter instance the characters and social settings are familiar from everyday life, and so suspension of disbelief is easy. With *Jewel In The Crown* the perception threshold needs amending to cater for a television screen acting as a window into Earth's past. And thus, for *Doctor Who*, thresholds need still further restructuring so that a viewer might mentally walk beside the Doctor on his explorations of an alien planet without thoughts intruding as to the implausibility of it all.

Generally, the older the viewer, the harder it is to apply these masks, especially where fantasy and science fiction are concerned. Correspondingly, audiences for sf and fantasy adventure tend towards the younger end of the market.

Doctor Who, though, is the exception, and has been right from its starting point. Somehow it succeeds in grabbing and holding a 'family audience', television parlance for a term implying viewers under seven to over seventy in age grouping. How it manages this



quite remarkable feat is a question that has kept many television researchers and historians intrigued for years, for, by and large, *Doctor Who* is nowhere near as slick and glossy as many of its more obvious, would-be sf competitors.

In 1966, *Doctor Who* faced the challenge of *Thunderbirds*, a very innovative puppet series with miniatures and model effects work that were the envy of the world. In 1975, it was up against *Space 1999*, then the highest-budgeted series on television. More recently, in 1980, came *Buck Rogers In The 25th Century*, challenging the Doctor's storylines with its arsenal of special effects, grandiose locations and leggy 'Barbie-doll' female guest stars.

Surviving and outliving all these challengers, *Doctor Who* has emerged triumphant, becoming one of Britain's most highly exported programmes during the mid-1980s. The perception thresholds for watching the show, it appears, know no international boundaries.

The format of *Doctor Who* is what gives the show its enormous strength. It is very flexible, offering authors greater freedoms than would normally be allowed writing for other programmes. Over the years this prospectus has attracted some of the top names in the writing field, among them Dennis Spooner (of *The Professionals*), movie-screen writers Mervyn Haisman and Henry Lincoln, *Bergerac* creator Robert Banks Stewart and Galactic Hitch-Hiker Douglas Adams. Even the list of authors whose stories never made it to the screen are impressive, including such names as Christopher Priest and Tanith Lee.

Yet writing for *Doctor Who* is only part of the process, albeit a very important one. It defines as a very insular activity, involving, per story, really only two people – the author (a freelance writer) and the Script Editor (a resident BBC employee). Although working to a discipline, and with an eye on costs and practicality, theirs is still, primarily, the realm of imagination, where the only restrictions are those of creativity and inventiveness. Their tools are the typewriter and a box of blank paper, from which emerge the fifty-page average *Doctor Who* episode script. Only when that is ready does the real magic of Television take over.

The analogy of magic to Television is not misplaced. To the uninitiated, entering the control room, or 'gallery', of a television studio is every bit as daunting as stepping into the lair of some mystic practitioner. Arrays of coloured lights, switches and buttons assault the eye, each labelled with curious cabalistic symbols. The gallery crew – the high priests of this esoteric religion – intone litanies meaningless to those outside their faith. 'Lock off and cut. Stand by to roll-back and mix'. To most people they might just as well be speaking Latin, but there is no denying the power of their craft. Up on the main colour monitor, the one showing a picture that will eventually be seen by millions, the fantastic is taking place. A solid London police box is melting away into thin air.

'Oh, that's nothing,' dismisses one of the brethren, a skilled, long-serving member of the faith, basking in the title of Electronic

OVERLEAF
Studio D at Lime Grove
featuring Captain Maitland's
ship from 'The Sensorites'.





Effects Designer. 'With this little gadget,' he says, pointing to a piece of wizardry identified simply as a 'Paint Box', 'You can treat the elements of any image as data in a computer's memory. The picture dots transpose as a bit pattern matrix in the memory. So, just as a computer program can move, resort and re-arrange conventional, digitised data, so the 'Paint Box' can process the elements of any picture image according to program.'

Simple? Yet the results are awe-inspiring. Using a device called a light-pen, which might just as well be termed a magician's wand, fragments from the monitor's picture are lifted, coloured, reshaped and transposed around the screen, like the pieces in a celestial jig-saw.

The 'Paint Box' is a standard tool of the television industry in the 1980s. However, had it been demonstrated to someone from the past, even from the scientifically enlightened Victorian age, the process would have appeared indistinguishable from magic.

And therein lies a clue to *Doctor Who's* own brand of magic. With its glittering banks of high technology a television studio control room bears an uncanny resemblance to the Doctor's own example of super-science – the TARDIS.

Keeping pace with technology, the TARDIS console has changed with the passing of more than twenty years. So too has the design, complexity and sheer variety of equipment and facilities available to production crews working on the show. It is no exaggeration to say *Doctor Who* is one of the most technically demanding programmes being made anywhere in the world. Indeed its unique position as a showcase for developments within the industry often makes it an ideal platform for companies keen to show off their wares; witnessed in 1980 when a process called 'Scene-Synch' made its debut in the serial 'McGlos'. On the merits of its effectiveness in that story, the marketing company was able to negotiate a lucrative deal with the BBC for the use of Scene-Synch in a major drama production, *The Borgias*.

Such platforming is what keeps *Doctor Who* so often ahead of its rivals. Other productions may spend more money, and achieve slicker results, but after any significant episode run the end result is frequently a jaded, seen-it-all-before after-taste. *Doctor Who's* gift is the constant allowance for freshness, change, and supreme inventiveness within its format. Only when those qualities are unavailable does the show ever suffer any real harm. Nowhere was this more evidenced than in 1985 with the decision to postpone production for eighteen months due to an inability to afford the very material and human resources *Doctor Who* needs to survive and flourish.

Pick any *Doctor Who* story at random and chances are it will require the following key personnel just at its planning stage:

A Producer to oversee the whole show; a writer to pen the script; a Script Editor to tailor the script exactly to the show's requirements; a Director in charge of tactically making the serial; a Production Designer to arrange the sets; a Costume Designer to look after wardrobe requirements; a Make-Up Designer to create the right 'look' for the artists; a Visual Effects Designer in charge

The TARDIS from 'The Keys of Marinus', coated in 'arrex' and sprayed dark blue to give it an aged, battered look.



of all special hardware requirements; an Electronic Effects Designer to conjure up optical effects; a Special Sound recordist to devise background atmospherics, sound effects and special voices; an Incidental Music composer to write all the themes, links and stings; a Lighting Supervisor to give the right mood and look to the scenes; Film Cameramen; Sound Recordists and Editors to shoot location footage, and Studio Camera, Sound and Vision Supervisors to oversee 'interior' recording. All these just at the early production stages, long before teams of carpenters, seamstresses, freelance prop builders, casting agents and all the other supernumeraries of Television become involved. In all, a very lengthy and man-hour costly procedure.

To the uninitiated it probably appears miraculous that an episode should ever reach the screens at all, given that the fracturing of just one link – say a strike by scenery builders – can grind matters to an immediate halt. The 1979 serial 'Shada' is mute testament to Television's intrinsic fragility.

All the above demonstrates the current state of the craft by which *Doctor Who* is made. Given that as true, many an armchair intellectual might be tempted to muse, 'Surely it must have been a lot easier in the old days? All you needed was a good script, good actors, a few sets, and away you went. No problem . . .'

Such is the popular misconception about so-called 'old' Television, and frequently a cause why many, barring those nostalgic armchair intellectuals, tend to dismiss any idea of tuning into old programmes, taking refuge instead in a groan of despair whenever the legend (*repeat*) appears beside a TV guide programme listing. And even louder is the expectation should the phrase (*black and white*) accompany it. That is Cardinal Sin Number One. 'If it's black and white, it's old and hence not worth watching. Far better another episode in a current soap opera than a creaking, 1964 episode of *Doctor Who*'. How often have such feelings as these been expressed in a household? The horns of a twin dilemma. Modern Television is flashy, not so well written, but eminently watchable; old Television may be better scripted, as rose-tinted memory is prone to serve, but pales behind the production standards of today.

Case closed. The Prosecution rests.

Is there a Defence? The answer: yes; but to prove it, and to put matters more in balance, requires an extended blinkering of perception thresholds, enough to accept a blending of the real with the fantastic. From the floor of the BBC television studios in West London this book is going to undertake a trip through time in that paragon of temporal engineering, the TARDIS.

It won't be a long voyage. In cosmic timescales it is doubtful the journey would even register. After all, what is twenty-five years to a science spanning all eternity in an infinity of space?

The sign outside the two swing doors says 'Studio 8'. The place is Television Centre, Wood Lane; the date, somewhere in the mid-1980s. Recording has just finished for a spell and many of the cast and crew have dispersed for dinner.

The studio itself is quite large, roughly two-thirds the size of a football pitch, ceilinged about as high as a church and populated by a multitude of lights, microphone booms, cameras, monitors and a few technicians. Several sets have been erected around the walls of the studio, one or two of which cover the main bulk of the floorspace. A glance through a script informs us that scenes shot on these sets today will be later edited into all four of the episodes comprising this story.

Standing to the side of a set is one of the five cameras used to shoot this episode. Sleek and compact, this white boxed machine, with its single, cowed lens, sits comfortably on a castored pedestal, the words 'BBC TV COLOUR' emblazoned on the sides. The camera operator, a youngish man in jeans and an open-necked shirt, is studying a shooting script. Each page of the script is printed on coloured paper, the different colours denoting the episode for which any particular scene is destined: a blue page for an episode two scene, a pink page for an episode three scene, and so on.

At the operating end of the camera are series of buttons, dials and switches by which the cameraman can modify the image he is seeing through his viewfinder. Cables snake away from the camera and disappear through plug-points in the wall. These carry the electronic signals from the cameras up to monitors housed in the gallery control complex, a large, glass-fronted set of rooms, often referred to as 'The Fish Tank'. Here the Producer and Director control operations, assisted by their technical staff, including the Electronic Effects Designer with his bank of 'image processing' devices.

Our concern, however, is with just one artefact, currently standing alone and forgotten in one of the sets: the symbol of *Doctor Who*, the TARDIS.

A simple Yale key opens the door and at once, through the magic of television, we stand inside the Doctor's own control room. Brilliantly lit, the white walls are indented with ranks of shallow, circular depressions, punctuated by columned pillars at the corners. A single doorway leads off to the rest of the ship, and to the left of it is the wall frame housing the scanner.

Dominating the room's architecture is the control console, a hexagonal table of silvered panels inlaid with row after row, bank after bank of microswitches, LED displays, buttons and visual display units. All these centre towards the time rotor, a wedding cake-like structure encased within a polished glass cylinder.

Pushing a large, red lever closes the doors. The ship is sealed now and ready for flight. Flicking another switch raises the panel concealing the scanner. Linked to the TARDIS's telepathic circuits this scanner can show not only a view of the immediate outside but also, within limits, perspectives of other areas nearby.

H. G. Wells's legendary time-traveller remarked on the pulse-pounding excitement he felt as his hands first moved the lever to instigate his move through the fourth dimension's boundaries. The feeling is somewhat similar as unpractised fingers tentatively punch-out the code sequences needed for this 'short

hop' flight. As the final sequence is entered, the room gives a slight lurch and a feeling, not unlike that experienced on a boat at sea, assails the senses. The previously muted background sound of the ship's hidden drive systems has changed in pitch from a low, meditative hum to a higher, more insistent thrumming. For better or for worse, the TARDIS is in flight.

Referencing the ship's instruction manual has revealed a procedure for pausing the craft's passage through time without actually occasioning it to land. Presumably this facility enabled the Lords of Gallifrey to snapshot selected timeframes in order to build up greater understanding of a world's evolution, without all the potential risks a landing would incur. Whatever the case, it is a facility eminently tailored to this voyage.

Operating the pause control slows the time rotor and steadies the image on the scanner. The date outside is revealed as 1980.

Immediately changes are apparent. The whole console has miraculously altered to a much simpler configuration of buttons and switches. The base underneath the control table is no longer conical in design but regulated into six squared panels. The time rotor too is different. Instead of the wedding-cake structure the glass column now encloses a single pillar into which brackets supporting neon-light tubes have been sunk. The TARDIS walls are the same but a double-door panel arrangement now frames the scanner screen.

The image presently on the screen is that of a tall, curly-haired individual. Swathed in a burgundy coat, an over-long scarf and a soft felt hat, the man's height lends him a commanding presence as he addresses a group of yellow-gowned aliens with up-swept coiffures. Moving beyond the set's perimeter, up into the 'Fish Tank', we can see on the master output monitor the rerun of a shot using 'The Quantel Unit', the pioneer of the image-processing devices which has just enabled a materialisation effect to be done during a tracking shot, something previously known to be impossible. Of 'Paint Box', however, there is no sign. It has yet to be made commercially available.

Dabbing the revised control switches moves us back another five years. This time, as vision once more stabilises, the changes are even more acute. To begin with, the console room is much smaller. The pillars at the wall corners have gone and so too has the single door through to the main part of the ship. The circled walls are still in evidence but the design is less regularised. Some walls feature large circular cut-outs, backed by a translucent material through which light is shining, other walls are solid with the circle patterns embossed. The console is, thankfully, the same but the colour-scheme has shifted from silver to a pale greenish-white.

Outside the TARDIS, its erstwhile owner is still in the same body, but dressed now in a short, red hacking jacket and grey trousers. The scarf is even more multi-coloured than its 1980 equivalent, giving the character a much more gypsy-like appearance.

A camera glides into view and a quick focus onto the script

The first Radio Times cover to feature Doctor Who, publicising the historical epic 'Marco Polo'.

Radio Times

SIXPENCE

BBC

tv

Sound

DR. WHO

The four travellers in time and space return to Earth for a new adventure beginning on Saturday in Television

SEE PAGE 7

HUGH AND I

Hugh and I with Terry Scott and Hugh Lloyd Hughes resume their interrupted series in Television on Saturday

PAGE 9

BENNY HILL

Benny Hill with the many Bennys in his new show on Sunday afternoon in the Light

PAGE 15

ERIC SYKES

Eric Sykes with his and Hattie Jacques as they begin a series in Television on Tuesday

PAGE 27

IN THE LIGHT AND ON TELEVISION

World Heavyweight
Championship

SONNY LISTON

v.

CASSIUS CLAY

SEE PAGE 23

IN THE LIGHT

The British, British Empire,
and European Championship

HENRY COOPER

v.

BRIAN LONDON

SEE PAGE 23



identifies the set as a 'Quarantine Area' – clearly not a place one would want to dwell for long. Before releasing the pause control again, though, two further facts are gleaned. Firstly 'Quantel' is not listed as part of the studio's manifest, and secondly, further examination of the script reveals far fewer coloured pages than before. The predominant colour is yellow, hinting that most of what will be shot today is destined for just one episode rather than the whole story.

Tumbling back five more years brings the date to Spring 1970. Curiously, and doubtless due to one of those paradoxes common to time-travel, the console is both inside our ship and outside in what appears to be a terrestrial laboratory. Here a tall, elegantly dressed figure is hard at work on its innards while, nearby, a television is showing pictures of two space capsules docked in orbit. The console unit being worked on appears, at first glance, to be more robust than the version left behind in 1975. Certainly there are more controls, and suspicion grows that the overall diameter is wider than its temporal predecessor. A greater complexity of instrumentation is also detectable within the time rotor mechanism, but is only when the penny finally drops that we realise the true nature of change is one of electrics over electronics. All the VDU teletext screens and LED display panels of the mid-Eighties' console have gone, replaced here by charge-actuated moving-coil dials, light bulb indicator lamps, large, hand-grip switches and arrays of very solid-looking levers.

As if in sympathy with this more cumbersome item of hardware the interior hum of the TARDIS is a lower, more sonorous sound than that left behind in the Eighties.

The studio environment seems much the same as before except that the shooting script is now completely uniform in colour. And closer examination of the front page reveals one extra detail: everything for episode one of this story is going to be recorded this session. Editing aside, by the time the cameras finish rolling tonight one complete episode will be 'in the can'.

At present, final rehearsals are under way. Above one of the main sets a huge blue screen has been draped, the purpose of which we discover on peeping into the gallery. Here the Director is liaising with a technician he refers to as 'The Inlay Operator' on the use of Colour Separation Overlay (CSO) for a scene. Using this technique one of the cameras aimed at the main set will be keyed not to see the colour blue. On the master output screen in the gallery the 'hole', created by the camera not being able to see blue, will be filled with the output from another camera, in this case a shot of an astronaut in space. The finished effect, the Director is assured, will be as if the actors on set are looking up at a giant television screen showing the image of an astronaut.

Once more we put the ship back into flight, but only for a brief moment. As the TARDIS crosses into the Nineteen-Sixties dramatic changes are instantly apparent.

The console room grows suddenly larger as other items of furniture start to appear – an old Sheraton chair, an ornate Chinese vase, even a battered old wooden clothes trunk. The scanner,

formerly part of the wall's architecture, is now visibly a TV monitor, hanging on gimbals from the roof. Some of the walls are as solid as ever, but others, amazingly, appear in our bemused gaze to be giant photographic blow-ups of the conventional, circular wall design.

Most disturbing of all, though, is the abrupt loss of colour perception. Everything has suddenly polarised into monochrome, replacing a full visual spectrum with all the intermediate shades of grey between black and white.

Turning our attention outside brings further shocks. The studio has shrunk. Where once the football pitch analogy applied, a tennis court comparison would now seem more apt. Even the ceiling is noticeably nearer the ground, lending the place a perceptibly more claustrophobic feel.

A figure darts into view, a rather shabbily-dressed little man in baggy check trousers and a shapeless old coat. He is followed by a camera, but not like ones seen in previous stop-overs. This machine has fewer electronic, and more manual, controls and there is a noted absence of the word 'COLOUR' from its markings. The logical conclusion that it must therefore be a simpler machine is balanced by the sobering observation that the camera's design is every bit as bulky, if not more so, than its 70s successors.

Visually, the biggest difference is at the picture-taking end of the camera. In place of the one, cowled lens, this version sports a turret of four projecting lenses, any one of which can be swivelled into place before the viewfinding/picture-taking apparatus.

Our journey is nearly accomplished as we pass by 1968 and head towards our landing point half a decade into the past. As the time rotor slows, the oft-quoted 'wheezing/groaning' sound of rematerialisation begins, audible now within the TARDIS control room. Lights flash on and off within the glass column as the whole internal mechanism begins to rotate on its own axis. The control room, vast now, with a glowing power unit hanging above the console is filled with the artefacts of the original Doctor – a food machine, the navigational computer banks, an eagle lectern and, in pride of place, a magnificent Ormolu clock.

The scanner, resting on its scaffold frame, shows a view of the studio beyond: six small, slightly cramped sets, a couple of large, shoe-shaped microphones on boom poles, four of the turret-fronted cameras, a host of studio floor staff, many of them in jackets, some even wearing ties . . .

As we move out of the TARDIS we notice the reason behind the imagined shrinking of the studio. It is not the same building. Stencilled lettering proclaims the venue as 'Studio D, Lime Grove', one of the BBC's other premises in West London, known in the Eighties more for news and current affairs broadcasting.

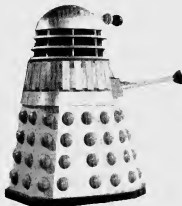
But this is not the 1980s. The calendar gives the year as 1963, an eventful time for Britain and the world. The Space Race is hotting up, the Cold War growing even colder. The Beatles are already embarked on their meteoric rise, and President Kennedy has still to fall. Ironically, the very day marking Kennedy's loss to the world will also see the public's introduction to *Doctor Who*.

Hardly the most fortunate of associations, *Doctor Who's* launch at such a time of national shock and disbelief will be privately upsetting to many of those who have laboured long months preparing the series for transmission. In terms of technical accomplishment *Doctor Who* will mark something new and revolutionary from the BBC, and hopes for the series are very high. A lot of hard effort and enthusiasm has gone into its making, all of which could be threatened with undoing by events outside any programme scheduler's control . . .

Our time flight has brought us to the world of early Sixties BBC Television production to try and uncover the roots of *Doctor Who* that led to its first episode going out, ten minutes late, on Saturday 23 November, 1963. Then, as now, the production used the medium of television to the fullest, stretching the Corporation to the limits of technological capability. It deserved to survive the traumas of that November day, and survive it did, developing and progressing as it went along to become the backbone of Saturday night viewing on BBC Television.

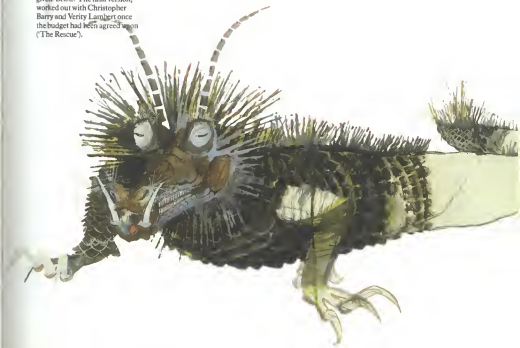
In the public's eyes the beginning was November, but for others within the Corporation origins stretched back months beforehand, going beyond the first studio recording, beyond the designing of the TARDIS, predating any script-writing, or even the first allocations of production responsibility.

Before any of these could occur there had to be a spark . . .





Above: The initial production illustration for the Sand Beast on Dido, later modified in greater detail when the go-ahead had been given. *Below:* The final version, worked out with Christopher Barry and Verity Lambert once the budget had been agreed upon ('The Rescue').





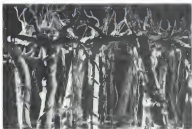
OPPOSITE

Top left: The abortive attempt to bury a Dalek in 'The Chase'; *Top right:* The Daleks in the winding metal corridors of their city on Skaro ('The Daleks'); *Below:* The end of the evil mutants? ('The Daleks')

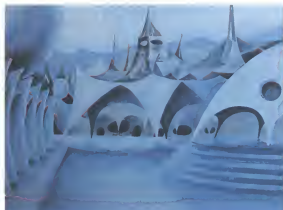
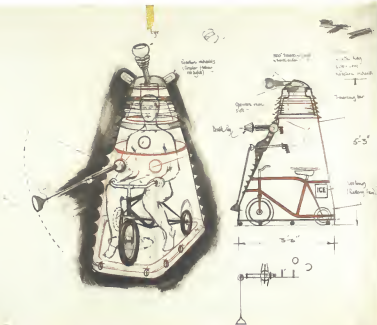


Ray Cusick's illustration of the mutant which dwells within the Dalek machine: the creature proved too expensive to make.





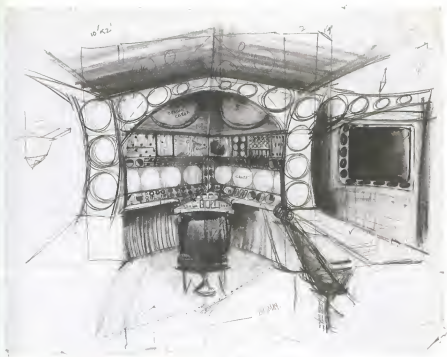
The backdrop painting of the petrified forest on Skaro in which the TARDIS lands ('The Daleks'). *Inset from top to bottom:* The model set of the forest, first seen at the end of 'The Tribe of Gum' story; the full-size set ('The Daleks'); part of the swamp set from 'The Daleks', including the latex 'octopus' creature which devoured the Thal, Elyon (note the air hose for the rubber ring on the left of the picture).



Top: Production drawing of the Dalek, presented to Verity Lambert and Christopher Barry. The drawing shows the tricycle motive system, two hand mechanisms, and a gun aperture, mounted above the madriff. The base is squarer in design, and an ice box is installed inside the machine to keep the operator cool. *Below:* Part of the scenic backdrop of the Sensorites' city ('The Sensorites').

OPPOSITE

Top: The initial sketch for the flight deck of Captain Maitland's ship. *Below:* The flight deck as realised on screen, and the Doctor's encounter with the Sensorites on board Maitland's ship ('The Sensorites').





Top: Barbara, Susan and Ian enjoy the apparent luxury offered them in the City of Morphoton; *Below:* 'The grim reality of the Velvet Web' ('The Keys of Marinus').

